

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1871.

## The Week.

THE country was very much surprised, on the arrival of the San Domingo mails on Friday, by the appearance of a letter from Captain Temple, of the *Tennessee*, to Mr. Wade, warning the members of his party from attempting to make a journey across the island from San Domingo to Hayti, as, if taken by Cabral's people they could be hung up by sentence of drum-head court-martial, "according to the rules of civilized warfare;" "for they belong," says Captain Temple, "to a nation that, through the orders of its Executive to naval vessels here, has chosen to take part in the internal conflicts of this country." This was the first intimation we had that American ships in Dominican waters had any other business than to watch over American interests, or that the Executive had, without the knowledge or consent of Congress, placed the Government in an attitude of open hostility to a foreign state, from which it had received no offence whatever, and with which we have no quarrel. It appears, according to Captain Temple, that we are actually in a state of war with Hayti. It is reported that Mr. Wade has at last found some documents throwing light on the amount of the debt, but the existence of which Baez very properly and very stoutly denied. The time for the production of documents about the debt, and especially about "claims," has not yet arrived. The Commissioners *guess* the amount of the debt to be about \$3,000,000. The Commissioners, who are now on their way home, are said to be unanimously in favor of annexation. The closing paragraph of Mr. Wade's report, if correctly telegraphed, goes a good way to give one an idea of the character of the whole document, and confirm what we have said of the impropriety of sending "an old Roman" on a strictly judicial mission. He wants us "to embrace this opportunity to plant our republican institutions," and establish civil liberty and American civilization upon that beautiful and productive island, thus laying the groundwork of a great, free, and prosperous, etc., etc.

The most important business of Congress during the week has been the consideration of the best mode of dealing with the condition of the South, which is admitted on all hands to be puzzling. General Butler has prepared a bill which would, if enacted, virtually convert the President, as far as the South is concerned, into a military dictator, and even the most ardent reprobators of Southern outrages were naturally afraid to touch it. As a substitute for it, or rather as a preliminary to any legislation, it had been determined to appoint a select committee to investigate the condition of the South, and on this Mr. Speaker Blaine, well knowing his man, put Butler as chairman; whereupon Butler, infuriated by the ill-success of his bill, and by the appointment of the committee, declined the chairmanship, and gave his reasons in a long letter addressed to the Republican members of the House, in which he declared that the committee was forced upon the Republicans by the nearly unanimous vote of the Democratic party in the House, and against the decision of a majority of the Republicans in a "duly called caucus."

The appearance of the Butler circular and its statements as to the means by which the appointment of the committee had been obtained, brought about a fierce debate on Thursday, in which Butler permitted himself to use the word "trick," in describing these means, and made certain statements which led the Speaker to come down on the floor, and make him the object of a piece of criticism which for bitterness and sting has rarely been surpassed in debate, and which nearly everybody but Butler himself enjoyed. If "rebuking" Butler produced any effect on him, however, he would long ago have faded into nothingness. He is not responsible for himself, nor is anybody responsible for him but the Massachusetts Republicans.

In the meantime, but little progress has been made towards a solution of the Southern problem. Many good Republicans who feel deeply troubled by the state of things, shrink from the bestowal on the President of powers which, even supposing them to be constitutional, a change of administration might next lodge in the hands of a Hoffman or a Blair, and which, once converted into party weapons, would end in a total change in the form of government. Others, like the New York *Tribune*, profess to believe that the troubles are all due to the inability of the blacks to cast their votes at the elections, owing to the intimidation of their white neighbors; but, even if the Federal Government made voting perfectly safe, what is to prevent the Ku-klux killing the voter in his bed the night after he has voted? Then, too, no matter how we may extend the jurisdiction of the United States courts, we cannot abolish trial by jury, and where are we to find juries to convict Ku kluxes (if this be the regular plural), or how are we to protect them after they have found a verdict of guilty? Moreover, where are the troops or police who are to arrest the malefactors? None of the proposed measures make any provision for increasing the force at the President's disposal, though all with amusing solemnity authorize him "to employ the army and navy" in suppressing the disturbances.

The calling out of the militia by the governors of the Southern States has proved a farce wherever attempted. The fighting men of the South are all on the Ku-klux side; the "militia" is composed of poor blacks and trembling whites, unused to arms-bearing, very fond of life, and already cowed and demoralized. In South Carolina, the militia are black, and come from the coast, and to have sent them up against the disorderly whites of the up country would have been to ensure their massacre. The *Charleston Republican*, a radical paper, discusses the question very soberly and with a full knowledge of the facts, but calls for the disarming of the militia, as its presence under arms is likely to lead to a war of races, and the proclamation of martial law, and the committal of the task of preserving order to the Federal troops. This is, of course, but a palliative. The *Republican* goes on to say, "Congress can largely aid South Carolina by removing all political disabilities." "Finally," it adds, "we come to the great remedy for existing evils, and that is the school house." This is hitting the right nail on the head.

Affairs at the South, meantime, grow worse and worse. The latest news is that Governor Scott of South Carolina and some other high officers, including our old friend the Treasurer, Niles G. Parker, have been ordered by the Ku-klux to quit the State, and two have obeyed, and the shootings and "runnings off" of humbler persons still continue. The sheriff and county and school commissioners of Union County have resigned on a Ku-klux order, and the success of the movement will doubtless lead to a general deposition of all officers, and we fear it will spread into other States. The real intent of it was perhaps revealed at a meeting of Democrats, convened by Governor Scott to find out their sentiments, when General Kershaw, an old Confederate officer, admitted that the only way, in his opinion, to restore peace was to drive out the "carpet baggers" and "scallawags," and that he highly approved of the Ku-klux operations to this end. The animosity of the Ku-klux towards teachers of colored schools, however, seems to be just as great as towards carpet-bag officers, and some have of late been severely whipped. General Kershaw also announced that if any commissioner came to his county under the Butler Bill they would provide for him and that he would have no successor, which we have no doubt is true. What had better be done it would take a very wise man to say, but we know of no better sign of the times than the hesitation of Congress to do anything before informing itself thoroughly. There has been enough blind legislation for the South already. Our own belief, as we have indicated elsewhere, is that the process of civilization must be begun at the South from the beginning; that we must go to work on the whites as well as on the blacks, and win them over to our ways.

of living and thinking by kindness, patience, conciliation, discussion, and education.

One great difficulty in dealing with Southern affairs, is the difficulty of getting any trustworthy information about them. Whenever any startling incident occurs, we get two versions of it—one the Southern and the other the Unionist version, and they are sure to be diametrically opposed to each other, and to be written in terms of the fiercest excitement, with facts and fancies and inferences mixed up in a wild jumble. For instance, with regard to the late horrible outrage in Meridian, Mississippi, where a riot took place in the court-room, and the judge was shot dead while hearing the examination of a negro accused of making "incendiary speeches," we had first of all the Ku-klux version, which was plainly unreliable. But then comes Mr. Sturges, the mayor, a Northern man, who was expelled immediately after the outrage, and he leaves us in much the same perplexity; not that all that he says appears improbable, but his excitement shows itself so plainly, that we do not know where he is speaking from his feelings, and where from his memory. For instance, he did not see the shooting of Judge Bramlett, though in the court-room when it occurred, but he nevertheless says "that he has no doubt one or many of the Ku-klux, carrying out their design, shot him," though one of their own people. Is this likely, and is it not too bad that we cannot get evidence clear of suppositions of this kind?

The ways of accounting for the defeat in New Hampshire are of course various, and each politician and each editor naturally makes whatever he feels most strongly about figure most prominently among the probable causes. The best-informed local Republican papers ascribe a good deal of influence to the Sumner affair and the San Domingo scheme; and they all agree as to the large part played by "apathy"—as if apathy were not always a secondary cause. The decline of the Administration in credit and popularity has been going on steadily for some time, and the more General Grant pushes a scheme about which people care nothing, to the neglect of measures and questions about which they care a great deal, of course the more rapid the decline is; and when this is the state of things, defeat is of course always among the possibilities in States where parties are so nearly balanced that a few lukewarm people can turn the scale. All that is needed now to make a general smash-up at the Presidential election is that the party should rush blindly under the lead of some *à priori* man into high-handed legislation for the pacification of the South, and should fail in bringing about pacification, or should increase the disorder. This done, as M. Thiers said to the Imperialists, there would be no more blunders left for it to make.

Nothing new has been revealed about the Sumner trouble, but it is rapidly passing out of people's minds. A resolution has been passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, protesting against Mr. Sumner's removal from the chairmanship. We have as yet heard no proposition to have the chairmen of the Senate committees elected by popular vote on a general ticket, but that ought logically to come next. Whatever "outrages" the whole country, the whole country ought to have the means of preventing. The uproar over the alleged Presidential dictation to the Senate about the chairmanship is deprived, too, of much of its force by the recollection of the fact that Mr. Sumner formed one of the committee which had the impertinence, in 1862, to call on Mr. Lincoln to dismiss Messrs. Chase and Seward from his cabinet; and most people can recall the enjoyment with which the country chuckled over the quaint way in which Mr. Lincoln brought home to them the propriety of minding their own business.

Some fresh light has, however, been thrown on the causes of the great Sumner-Fish quarrel, by the new Washington paper, the *Capital*, whose account is said to be "semi-official." It appears to have arisen out of an ill-judged attempt of the foolish Fish to get Sumner to take the English mission and abandon his opposition to the San Domingo scheme. Sumner, of course, refused with a pitying smile. The unhappy Fish "left the house a baffled and disappointed man," and then went to work to

"insult" Mr. Motley. After the appearance of his letter to Moran, however, the poor old coward did not dare to go near "the Old Bay State Lion" for some time, but at last mustered up courage to call at his den to meet Sir John Rose on official business. The evening passed quietly enough, and, we are glad to say, "intellectually and profitably," and the Fish doubtless thought he was forgiven and restored to favor. Far from it. After he had gone, Sumner sat down "after midnight in the quiet of his library" and considered his case afresh, and came to the conclusion that he ought still further to punish him. This cruel but we presume just decision reached, the house of Mr. Schenck was chosen for the execution of the sentence. The judge and culprit met there at dinner, and in the course of the meal poor Fish, little knowing what was in store for him, "made a frivolous remark about duck and partridge" across the table to the "Numidian Lion"—for as such it appears Mr. Sumner figured on this occasion, doubtless having ascertained that an "Old Bay State Lion" was, to say the least, an anomaly. "The Lion" merely looked at him and made no reply. "Fish's weak nature," says the chronicler, "felt the shock." Small blame to him, say we; whose nature wouldn't "feel the shock" if a Numidian Lion looked at him in silence across a small table? The effect on American securities of this dreadful business, we are glad to say, has not yet been perceptible, but mighty agencies work slowly.

The funding of the old six per cents in new five per cents progresses slowly—out of the first instalment of \$200,000,000 offered by the Treasury, only about \$15,000,000 having been taken thus far. From Europe the advices at present are not encouraging, the announcement of the new French loan to fund the war debt contracted by the Bordeaux government having at first interfered. The disturbances in Paris must now have destroyed all prospect of the Republic obtaining credit in England or Germany, and may to some extent direct new attention to our loan. But it must not be forgotten, that revolution and civil war in France are far more disturbing elements in European finance and commerce than even the Franco-Prussian war has proved. Foreign bankers here evidently put the worst interpretation upon events, and are indisposed to enter into important engagements of any kind. On the Stock Exchange, the upward speculation still continues, aided by a bank expansion in the direction of loans which is nothing less than reckless—the engagements of the banks, which in the extreme dulness of trade ought to be much lower than usual, exceeding the extreme figures known for several years past. Gold, of all things, remains the steadiest in price, a natural and healthy rise of a few per cent. being prevented by rumors of some new financial measures of Mr. Boutwell's, supposed to involve further sales of gold.

Two pamphlets have made their appearance within the week on the Northeastern Fisheries question which will well repay study by anybody who wants to familiarize himself with the exact nature of a very important portion of the work now before the High Commission. One is an article which is to appear in the American *Law Review* of April 1, and which maintains the view already propounded in the *Nation* as to the basis of American rights in the Fishery controversy. The other pamphlet, which has only just reached this country, consists of a report made on the question by a Sub-committee of the "Anglo-American Association," a body of which Mr. Thos. Hughes is chairman, and which has been organized in London "for the purpose of obtaining the best securities for a friendly understanding and the cultivation of more cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain." The Sub-committee which has drawn up the report was appointed in December last, and consists of Sheldon Amos, Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London; W. A. Hunter, Professor of Roman Law in the same college; A. C. Humphreys, a barrister; and Lord Edmond Fitz-Maurice, M.P.

This English presentation of the case is in substance this: that the rights secured to American fishermen by the treaty of 1783 (to fish on the coast of Newfoundland, and all coasts, bays, harbors, and creeks of English colonies, and to dry and cure in unsettled

bays, etc., within certain limits) were abrogated by the war of 1812, and that the rights of American fishermen are now regulated by the treaty of 1818, which was entered into by way of settling the controversy which arose over the effect of the war on the former. It is the latter the operation of which, according to the Sub-Committee, the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 restored. The treaty of 1818 gives the Colonial Government exclusive dominion within three miles of the coast, subject to the rights of Americans to fish on defined portions of the coast, irrespective of this limit. To the President's complaint that the American fishermen are denied the privilege of obtaining supplies and transshipping their fish in Canadian ports, the Sub-committee replies that this privilege has been withdrawn to prevent smuggling, and that it is the undoubted right of every nation (quoting Mr. Clay to Mr. Gallatin) "to prohibit or allow foreign commerce with any portion of its dominions." To his other complaint that Great Britain, in remitting the control and jurisdiction of the inshore fishing-grounds to the Colonial authority, has remitted "it to an independent but irresponsible agent," the Sub-committee replies that he is mistaken; that from the decisions in the Colonial Vice-Admiralty Courts, before which all fishery cases must come, an appeal lies to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, an imperial tribunal, and it questions whether any of the American fishing-vessels "seized without notice or warning," were so seized, "while ignorantly violating" the technical rights of Great Britain. The report is a very cold and naked legal statement, and confines itself mainly to the communication of information on questions of law and fact, and is chary in the expression of opinion.

The American view, or rather, we should say, the view which the article in the *Law Review* propounds, and which it is not improbable the American Commissioners will maintain, may be found in a compact form in the *Nation* of September 15, 1870. It is in substance, that the treaty of 1783 was, in so far as regarded the fishery rights, one of perpetual obligation; that the war of 1812 did not affect it; that the treaty of 1818, in so far as it differed from that of 1783, was not an abandonment of any liberties enjoyed under the treaty of 1783, but a simple renunciation or waiver of a portion of these liberties. For this renunciation or waiver, and for this only, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was a substitute; this last treaty having been abrogated in 1866, the parties are thrown back for the definition of their rights, not on the treaty of 1818, which has been blotted out, but the treaty of 1783, and the fishing rights secured by that treaty are in the nature of a public servitude of a higher kind than an easement, or the Roman *servitus*, and closely approaching the character of absolute *dominium*. The points involved are nice, and will doubtless afford materials for long discussion.

The 18th of March, 1871, to speak with the *Journal des Débats* of the following morning, "will be considered as one of the gloomiest days in the history of France." After due and very earnest warning given the malcontents of Montmartre, the Government of M. Thiers proceeded, on the morning of that day, "to force peace at all hazards," which it could not escape doing if the country was to be governed at all. The preparations had been made in the night. General Vinoy had posted a cordon of troops around the hill of Montmartre, and planted mitrailleuses at the approaches. At an early hour, important positions were occupied, and the guns of the revolted suburban National Guards were about to be removed, when the soldiers began to yield to popular clamors and entreaties, and soon all bonds of discipline were loosened, the mitrailleuses abandoned by the artillers, the officers deserted by their men, and the revolters, aided by National Guards from other quarters, became masters of the situation at Montmartre, as well as at Belleville and La Villette. General Vinoy was pelted by a mob, General Paturel was wounded, and Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte, and subsequently also General Chanzy, were taken prisoners. General Faron was surrounded, but, his detachment of troops remaining faithful, succeeded in cutting his way through. Other detachments, refusing to fight, withdrew to the left bank of the Seine, and, after a short time, the Hôtel de Ville, the general headquarters of the National Guards

of the capital, the ministries, the mayoralties, and the prefecture of police were in the hands of the insurgents, the bulk of the National Guards remaining passive; and all the members of the Government, with the undischarged remnants of the public force, finally withdrawing to Versailles.

The headquarters of the insurrection before its triumph were in the Rue des Rosiers, Montmartre, where a "Central Revolutionary Committee," subsequently superseded by the "National Guards Committee," had established itself in a public garden. Before that revolutionary body, composed, as it seems, of men of little note, as no names are mentioned, the captive generals were brought. Two of these, Clément Thomas and Lecomte, were, after a brief trial worthy of the days of September, 1792, condemned to suffer death as traitors to the Republic, and "taken out and shot." "All accounts say they died bravely," which is the more likely to be correct, as they must, at that moment, have been disgusted with life among such fellow-citizens. The last word of the brave and liberal-minded Clément Thomas, who but a few weeks before commanded the largest body of the defenders of Paris, under Trochu, is reported to have been, "Cowards!" The fate of Chanzy, who had been terribly maltreated by the mob, was left undecided. Vinoy, contrary to the official report of Minister Washburne—who, with the whole diplomatic corps, followed the Government to Versailles—escaped the clutches of the executioners, and succeeded in reorganizing a portion of the forces under his command. Consternation and stupefaction reigned in Paris, and the revolutionists were left to do their work unchecked, although the press next morning mustered courage enough to brand the proceedings as atrocious and fatal to the republican liberty of France. Men of prominence fled the capital, various quarters of which were strongly barricaded. All approaches to it were ultimately closed, and some of the forts occupied by the Nationals.

Having taken possession of the Hôtel de Ville, the leaders of the "Nationals" issued a proclamation in which their deeds were extolled as done in the defence of "the arch of the liberties of the Republic—the only government that can close the era of invasion and civil war;" words penned, perhaps, by a hand still dripping with the blood of the defenders of their country, slain for obeying the orders of a republican government, issued from universal suffrage. In another proclamation the same men—thirty in number, forming the "Central Committee of the National Guard"—modestly declared to the people of Paris: "We have driven out the Government which betrayed us. Our mission is fulfilled, and we now report to you." But while doing this they decreed immediate elections for the Commune. What part the old knights of the Commune, Blanqui, Flourens, and the like, had in the whole affair, we do not know. Nor do we hear what was the attitude towards the insurrection of the majority of the Radicals lately elected to the Assembly by the city of Paris. One report, however, speaks of the "mayors and deputies" of Paris demanding the removal of Generals D'Aurelles de Paladines and Vinoy, and the substitution of Jules Ferry for M. Valençin as Prefect of Police. Louis Blanc and Schoelcher endeavor to act as mediators. The Revolutionists clamor for the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the convocation of another to sit in Paris. A "republican federation" is the last word. Cries of "On to Versailles"—which is in the meanwhile converted into a camp—resound through Paris, and Thiers, it is stated, contemplates removing the seat of Government to Tours. His resolutions, however, will probably be determined by the attitude of the other large cities of the Republic. Almost everything seems to turn on the [response the doings of the Paris mob will meet with in Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. In the meanwhile the Ministry calls on "all who have regard for the honor and interest of France" to separate from "the men of the barricades," whose "crimes remove all excuse for support by their followers," and to "rally around the Republic and the Assembly." The contingency of a recall of the Germans is also hinted at by the journals. Others speak of proclaiming General Faidherbe generalissimo and dictator. A manifesto from Napoleon, who has arrived in England, may also be expected. The Assembly deliberates at Versailles, but the "Mountain" is absent.

## THE PROBLEM AT THE SOUTH.

THERE is no doubt about the multiplicity and atrocity of the outrages committed by what are called the Ku-klux on the negroes and Unionists at the South. It appears to be equally certain that the persons who commit these outrages are not brought to justice. The sheriffs do not arrest them, or, if they do, juries do not convict them—in other words, through a great part of the South there is no security for either life or property. That some such state of things would come to pass was foreseen after the war. It was said that if legislation and the election of officers were left solely to the Southern whites, the Southern blacks would be left without adequate protection. Consequently, the suffrage was given to the blacks. But this was not felt to be sufficient. A great proportion of the more experienced and intelligent people at the South were excluded by the State constitutions, and by an amendment to the United States Constitution, from all share in the government. In this way not only were the negroes and Unionists guaranteed a voice in the Government, but they were secured in the exclusive control of it. That is, to speak plainly, for the purpose of securing the poor and ignorant against oppression, not only were they admitted to an equality of rights with the rich and educated, but they were put in possession of the whole administrative machinery. Considering that a large body of the voters—in some States a majority—had recently emerged from slavery in its most brutal form, it must be admitted the experiment was a bold one; in fact, it was the boldest ever known. No similar rearrangement of the social organization has ever been attempted anywhere else. We do not blame those who attempted it. They were hot from a civil war which had ended in a social revolution, and they found themselves charged with the duty of securing a large and helpless population of freedmen in possession of common civil rights, in the presence of their late masters, without having recourse to pure military coercion.

The experiment has, however, totally failed. The most influential portion of the Southern population, with whose support no government can in the long run dispense, as has been a thousand times proved, have not only given the new governments at the South no assistance, but have, naturally enough, been bitterly hostile to them. The new political system, indeed, was of a kind to rouse all their prejudices against it. The men who took part in and aided the rebellion, and who are therefore disfranchised, have within the last five years been reinforced by a powerful body of youths who were boys during the rebellion, and who have entered on manhood during a period of great disorder and uncertainty and poverty, in which few careers are open to them, and in which all the circumstances of their lives tend to exasperate and embitter them, and prepare them for turbulence and violence. They may therefore be said, without exaggeration, to have taken the field against the new régime. They have formed organizations somewhat similar to the Irish Whiteboys and Molly Maguires, the express object of which is to drive negroes and Union men out of the South, and make all government through their instrumentality impossible. For this purpose they murder, rob, and maltreat, and they are too powerful, too skilful, and too firmly bound together, and enjoy too much of the sympathy of the local population, to make it possible for the State officers to bring them to justice. More than this, and, if possible, worse than this, they have at the North a powerful political party, which, if it cannot be said to be at their back, is certainly not disposed to blame them or call them to account, and whose chances of accession to power seem to improve as the passions excited by the war die out.

On the other hand, the new governments have done nothing to atone for the theoretical defects of their origin. We owe it to human nature to say that worse governments have seldom been seen in a civilized country. They have been largely composed of trashy whites and ignorant blacks. Of course, there have been in them men of integrity and ability of both races; but the great majority of the officers and legislators have been either wanting in knowledge or in principle, or both. That of South Carolina is one of the worst specimens, and, as such, we have often commented on it.

What is to be done? Congress having set these governments up, and having emancipated the negroes, and the negroes being, it is safe to say, the only men at the South who are really devoted to the Union,

it seems as if it was the duty of Congress to see to their protection. Moreover, the experiment which is now on trial at the South being of Republican devising, it seems to be necessary to the credit of the party that it should be made to succeed, and, at the same time, it seems as if the Ku-klux stories might be made to help the party by showing the necessity of such a prolongation of its power as would enable it to complete the work of Southern pacification. Accordingly, nearly every session of Congress there is a call either from philanthropists under the influence of feelings of humanity, or from mere politicians in search of "capital," for additional legislation "to protect life and property at the South." Of the sort of legislation demanded, the bill recently brought in by Butler is a fair specimen, and it consists simply in attempts to substitute for the state machinery, which is the only means of protecting life and property known to the Constitution of the United States, the machinery in use under the arbitrary and centralized governments of Europe—that is, the withdrawal of criminal cases from the jury, and their committal to single judges appointed by the central authority and armed with extraordinary powers, and the concession to mere official suspicion, and to legal presumptions, of a part in determining the question of guilt or innocence of a prominence hitherto unknown in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

These are momentous changes to introduce into the administrative system of any free country; they are more momentous in this country than they would be in any other, because they not only increase the power of the central government, but they arm it with jurisdiction over a class of cases of which it has never hitherto had, and never pretended to have, any jurisdiction whatever. It would not simply furnish the Government at Washington with additional means of performing one of its well-known duties, such as the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in Ireland furnishes the British Government with, but it would impose upon it altogether new duties. But the separate States are, under the Constitution, as clearly charged with the duty of protecting life and property within their own borders, as the United States with the duty of making treaties with foreign powers. To impose the duty of protecting life and property on the Federal Government is, therefore, just as distinct and well-marked a novelty as, and a far more serious novelty than, the transfer of the power of negotiating treaties to the separate States would be.

Such legislation as Butler and his supporters propose can, however, only be justified in any country by its success. There is this to be said for the means to which European governments resort for the protection of life and property—they work. That is, when the French, or Prussian, or Russian, or British governments say they are going to "maintain order," they send as many troops into the disturbed districts as will police them thoroughly. If dealing with the South, they would occupy it with at least 100,000 men, they would patrol the roads with clouds of cavalry, and fill the streets with swarms of police—in short, would strike terror into evil-doers, and, though liberty might suffer, honest people would sleep in peace. The peculiarity of our attempts at pacification by force is, that after describing the condition of society over a vast extent of territory as frightful, and representing a large portion of the community as conniving at deeds of violence and bloodshed, and the magistrates as powerless, and declaring ourselves ready to restore order, even by the sacrifice of the Constitution, and erecting a terrible judicial apparatus of commissioners, presumptions, fines, imprisonments, and hangings, we vote a regiment of cavalry or two companies of infantry to put it in motion—that is, about enough men to make one county tolerably safe. It is difficult to suppose that this kind of legislation is anything but a campaign document.

We are frequently asked in solemn way, whether it be possible that a government which, like the United States Government, can call on its citizens to sacrifice their lives in its defence in the ranks of its armies, really owes them no protection for their lives and property? We reply that we know nothing of the United States Government except what we find in the Constitution and the judicial interpretations of it. There is no ideal or absolute United States Government. It is a convention, and the terms of that convention are that the political organization it set up shall have the right to draft citizens for its defence, and yet shall only render them in return certain services, of

which protection from violence at the hands of their neighbors, except on the demand of the local authorities, is not one. This may be a cruel arrangement, or an ill-judged one, or an unfortunate one, but it is what it is, and it is found in most cases to work well. So do not let us imitate Gambetta and Rochefort and deny its existence, and endeavor to substitute for it a deduction from our own ideas of abstract fitness.

If we once get into the habit of treating the Constitution as a mere expression of opinion, to be set aside whenever its observance seems inconvenient, we shall have substituted a Gallic Republic for an American one—the republic of Gambetta, and Louis Blanc, and Rochefort, and Phillips for the republic of Washington, and Hamilton, and Madison, and Marshall; or, in other words, a dream for a good working machine. As soon as we allow ideals to take the place of written agreements, we have sown the seeds of anarchy, because one man's ideal is as good as another's, and we shall pass our lives as the French do—witnessing the struggles of one party to substitute its ideal for that of the other party; one year we shall live under Phillips's, and cut off heads in the name of "humanity," and the next under Tweed's, and steal in the interest of "liberty," and the year after, under Archbishop McCloskey's, and vote taxes for the promotion of "the true religion," and all go down on our knees when the Host passes. Surely what is passing in France ought to warn men of the danger of tampering with people's political habits and overthrowing their respect for the forms of law.

Is there, then, no remedy for local disorder at the South? If the State government does not protect a man, can he look nowhere else for redress? We answer, that if there be any value whatever in the theory on which American polity is based, the remedy of Southern disorders must come from the Southern people, through their experience of the folly and suffering of disorder. If this be not true, the whole American system is a mistake, and is destined ere long to perish. Our business is now to leave every Southern State to its own people, first, because this is the only practicable course, and, secondly, because it is the only wise one. If they are so demoralized that they go on robbing, and murdering, and "Kukluxing" each other, we cannot interfere effectively, and had better not interfere at all. The American punishments for a State which permits these things are two—impoverishment and emigration. If a man cannot have freedom, security, and light taxation in New York, let him go to New Jersey; if he cannot have them in South Carolina, let him go to Virginia; if he cannot have them in either, let him go to Missouri. Those who stay behind, on seeing capital and population steadily leaving their State, and their property declining in value, will gradually mend their ways. This may be a slow remedy, but it is a sure one. It goes to the root of the disorder, while under coercion from the outside no state of things can grow up, or ever has grown up, in which coercion ceases to be necessary. Of course there is nothing in this theory to prevent the United States enforcing the Federal Constitution and laws. This ought to be done, *at whatever cost*—that is, by officers, and not by bill and resolution. If it be true that black men are kept from the polls by intimidation, we ought to see that going to the polls is made as safe as going to church; but to pass bills providing for this, without voting the men or the money to execute them, is a wretched mockery, of which the country and the blacks have had enough.

#### THE "RED" RISING IN PARIS.

THE folly—if that be not too mild a term—of the "Government of National Defence" in not summoning a National Assembly as soon as possible after the disaster of Sedan and the overthrow of the Empire, is now fully apparent. Had they done so, the Assembly would either have made peace before the disorganization of French society and of the administrative system had gone very far, or it would have become secure in its authority and used to its work by the time Paris surrendered. Elected as it was when the struggle was just closing, and for the avowed purpose of making terms of peace, it not only excited the hostility of the Republicans, as a mere exponent of the cowardice of the Conservatives, but it entered on its duties just at the moment when the enemy was withdrawing his hand; and the salutary restraint exercised by his presence on the dangerous classes was thus lost before

the new Government had time to get a fair hold of the machinery of administration, and organize a force sufficient for its own protection and the execution of its acts. This unhappy interval the Reds in Paris have promptly taken advantage of. They have expelled the constituted authorities from the city, seized the public offices, murdered some of the leading generals and hold the others in custody, and have armed the rabble, and, in short, begun a Reign of Terror which, be it long or short, will give a terrible blow to French industry, and greatly increase the difficulty of recovering from the disasters of the war, and, what is worse than all, greatly diminish the chance of a firm and stable government. Readers of the *Nation* will bear witness that we distinctly pointed out the probability of what is now occurring as long ago as last September, when a great many good people here were going into ecstasies over the establishment of the "French republic," and the course of the Government during the succeeding six months only increased the chances of the explosion.

The body of persons known as "The Reds," in Paris, is made up of two elements. One is the vast body of workmen drawn from the provinces by the extensive public works set on foot by the Empire and by the extraordinary luxury which the Empire fostered in the capital. These men are grossly ignorant on leaving their villages; and on entering a city swarming with the wealthy pleasure-seekers of the civilized world, who deny themselves nothing, and parade their profligacy, the *ouvriers*' envy and dislike of the bourgeoisie, which are only too common in the country districts in France, become rapidly developed into a brutal communism, resting in the main on dislike of labor and a fondness for sensual indulgence. There is nothing in the French peasant's education, after he has got rid of his religious sentiment—as he does very rapidly after he reaches Paris—to prevent his thirsting savagely for a share in the good things of Parisian life, and making up his mind to get them by any means, fair or foul, whenever the chance offers.

The other element is a body of persons whom we have been in the habit of calling Sentimentalists in these columns, made up of labor reformers, socialists, republicans, peace advocates, broken-down lawyers, newspaper writers, and military and unsuccessful adventurers of all types. They may be divided about equally into schemers and visionaries; but they all agree in being Sentimentalists—that is, in wishing to base legislation on their own ideas of abstract justice and truth, and in contempt for considerations of expediency, or for remoter results, or for habit or tradition. The sincere humanitarians among them are satisfied that if they can get hold of the government, and keep the "traitors" (political opponents) from meddling with them, they will be able to put an end to poverty, and prostitution, and war, and to secure to all an equally good education, and an equal share of the products of labor. The adventurers are, of course, also strongly in favor of a general upturning, as they have nothing to lose, and can hardly help bettering themselves during a period of confusion. Both together do their utmost to keep up the spirit of revolt not only against the government, but against the existing social organization, among the working-classes; and as they possess all the education there is in the Red ranks, when they begin their revolutionary movement they have the places on the "committees" and other governing bodies by which it is directed. Curiously enough, although they are all frantic opponents of capital punishment when inflicted by a regular government, they always make a bloody use of power, and the killing of people in cold blood always occupies a prominent place among the means by which they endeavor to regenerate society. They are, too, nearly all peace men, and denounce standing armies bitterly; but they invariably maintain, even at the peace conventions they hold in quiet times, that before the general and everlasting peace is established, there will have to be one grand war, of which they are to have the direction. A curious illustration of the strong mental resemblance which runs through them all in every clime, was afforded by the fact that, a few days ago, when the Paris Reds were perfecting their plans on the heights of Montmartre, the head of the school in this country, an anti-capital-punishment man, was gravely recommending in his newspaper the shooting of Southern millionaires by drumhead court-martial as a remedy for Southern disorders.

The body is just now in a more favorable position for carrying out

its designs in Paris than it has ever been since the first Revolution. The bulk of the regular army is shut up in foreign prisons; what there was of it in Paris was disarmed by the Prussians; but, more important than all, the Reds are now all armed. The "National Guard," under the restoration of the Orleans dynasty, was composed almost entirely of the shopkeepers or bourgeoisie; under the Empire it could hardly be said to exist; but during the siege the whole population of the city was embodied in it—thus giving the socialists weapons and organization. The consciousness of the frightful danger to property and life within the city which this involved undoubtedly did much to give Trochu's operations the air of feebleness and indecision which characterized them, and accounted for the petting of the National Guard in which he indulged. The Guard did no fighting, and it was evident before the siege was over could not be got to fight, but to keep it in good humor it was highly complimented in general orders, to the disgust of the sailors and regulars, and was paid a franc and a-half a day per man, while its duties went very little beyond guard-mounting on the ramparts. It was the idleness, the pay, and the uniform which undoubtedly prevented the attempt to seize the Government being made on a greater scale during the siege, and one did not need the gift of prophecy to see that, peace restored, and the prospect of a return to hard labor fairly placed before them, the "Guard" would not lay down their arms.

To crown all, when the armistice was arranged, the French representatives had the weakness and stupidity to stipulate that while the regular troops surrendered their arms to the enemy, the Guard should be allowed to retain theirs, and should be charged with "the preservation of order." This placed the city at their mercy as soon as the Germans withdrew. Even during the German occupation they began their preparations by fortifying themselves on the heights of Montmartre, though at the time this was supposed to be a patriotic demonstration against the enemy; when the invaders retired, however, the true character of the movement was revealed, and the Thiers Government found itself face to face with the most serious problem any Government of France has had to face since the first Napoleon overthrew the Sections.

The theory on which the revolt will appeal to the country is, of course, that the National Assembly is a reactionary body, which "sold" the country to Bismarck, and is going to "betray the Republic;" and, though it will meet with no response from the peasantry, who hate the Republic, the peasants are not organized, and are timid and unenterprising; and even if they sent their Mobiles freely to the aid of the Government, it would take a long while to bring them in respectable condition to the gates of Paris; and in a conflict between city irregulars and country irregulars in the streets there would be little chance for the latter. What force of regulars the Thiers Government has at its disposal it is hard to say; and the danger is that, whatever it be, it is by this time demoralized and disorganized by the want of leaders and the spectacle of the growing ascendancy of the revolutionists. A government which has to fly from Paris is, in French eyes, a lost government, and if the Assembly can do this and yet retain its control of the popular allegiance and the allegiance of the troops, it will have opened up a new chapter in French history.

The latest news is that General Faidherbe, who showed himself, in the operations of the North, a cautious but able commander, has been appointed "generalissimo and dictator." He will probably at once go to work to organize an army, calling in the assistance of the fleet, and probably drawing on Bourbaki's force from Switzerland, and perhaps on the prisoners in Germany. But look at his task in any way we please, it is a very formidable one, and any unsteadiness on the part of his troops, or a severe repulse, would probably lead to socialist revolts in the other great cities, and prolonged anarchy or civil war. The Germans will hardly be induced to interfere, even if the Government dared to ask them. Of course, the disorders imperil the punctual payment of their indemnity, and, of course, nothing would please Prince Frederick Charles and the military party better than to give the Paris mob an awful castigation; but interference would involve the loss of many German lives, and might entail on Prussia the responsibility of governing the whole country for some time afterwards; besides which,

present situation is giving the Republic a death-blow, and warranting the contempt for French morals and manners and character by which the German public justifies to itself the hardness of the terms imposed on the vanquished.

About the immediate future it is difficult to predict anything with confidence; but it is quite certain that no real republic can survive the suppression of the present revolt by "a generalissimo and dictator." When the smoke and dust of the conquest clear away, "the man on horseback" will be there in the field, sword in hand, and the owners of property, the lovers of peace and quiet and industry will be found crouching around him, and begging him, if he can give them nothing else, to give them security in their homes. It is impossible not to believe, however, that the lessons of the crisis are sinking deep into French hearts. Foremost amongst them, as we have more than once said in these columns, is the danger of cutting a society loose from its political traditions and its political habits, and resolving it into a debating club for the examination of the bases of social order, and treating what sentimentalists call "principle" as the only guide of political and social action. As long as the source from which "principle" is to be derived is not defined, of course the rule that you must act on principle in politics is about as great a help to legislation as the theologians' maxim—"in essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; and in all things, charity"—is to religious union. This maxim might be adopted by all sects, and yet, as long as "essentials" were not defined, there would be as little chance of agreement as ever. In politics, if we throw every man back on "principle" as the only guide, and tell him not to trouble himself about consequences, and let him draw his "principle" from his own breast, of course we are not unlikely to find every hundred men working might and main for a different social ideal, and, in the absence of all means of deciding their comparative superiority, finally cutting each other's throats. If A. tells B. that he has looked into his own heart and finds that "eternal justice" requires that A.'s property should be divided between them, and B. replies that he has looked into his heart too, and finds that eternal justice requires him to keep it all for himself, and both of them disclaim all regard for the teachings of history, and for their experience of human nature, of course there is nothing for it but to go at each other with the knife and pistol; and to this pass, or something very like it, unhappy France has come. To this too, let us add, every nation is in danger of coming in which people learn to despise the forms of law, to treat habit as of no political value, to centralize government for the purpose of social experimentation, and to make social experimentation and not the faithful, punctual discharge of daily duties the great business of life, and, above all, the great business of "reformers."

#### ERIE AUDACITY.

In trying to give a brief summary for the information of the general reader of General Barlow's first long letter in the *Tribune*, entitled "Facts for Mr. Field," a fortnight ago, we fell into two or three errors, all of them trivial. We said the complaints in certain suits were not sworn to; they were sworn to. We said Judge Barnard reached the city on the night of the 6th of August at 10:20, and signed the famous order ten minutes afterwards, whereas we should have said, ten minutes after it was sent to him for signature by Mr. Shearman. We made one statement which wears the appearance of an error, but which we intended to be simply explanatory—that is, to the phrase in one of the Ramsey injunctions issued by Barnard, forbidding Ramsey to make any application about his receivership "except to this court in this action," we added the words, "that is, to Barnard himself," meaning simply, that this is what the prohibition would amount to in practice, and that this was what was intended by those who got it. Of Mr. Field's reply to the nine charges thus enumerated we gave a similar summary last week.

It seems scarcely credible, but is nevertheless true, that Mr. T. G. Shearman has written a letter to the *Albany Law Journal*, affecting to treat this summary of statements as the *Nation's* own, declaring that the nine charges made by us contain "twelve unqualified falsehoods," and making no mention of General Barlow's letter, and no attempt to answer it, or meet it in any way, thus following Mr. D. D. Field's bad example in replying to the *Tribune*. The point on which he lays most stress is our assertion, or repetition of General Barlow's assertion, that Mr. Fuller, hav-

ing been appointed receiver of 3,000 shares of Albany and Susquehanna stock belonging to one Groesbeck and others, on the ground that it had been illegally issued by Ramsey, and was therefore invalid, had on this stock so declared invalid voted by direction of Mr. Shearman. On this point Mr. Shearman says:

"As to the fact that Mr. Fuller voted upon this stock, that was a step taken in order to comply with the terms of an injunction obtained by the other side; and the propriety of the act depends upon considerations of a manifold character, concerning which the most upright of lawyers might take different sides. The only reason assigned by the *Nation* for objecting to this vote, or rather to the action of counsel in advising it, is that the receiver's appointment was based on the ground that the stock was void. But this was not the case. The stock was valid stock in the hands of some one; but the title of the particular persons holding it was alleged to be void, and the receiver was appointed for the very purpose of holding the stock for whoever might prove to be its true owners."

To give an idea of the pitch of unscrupulousness to which everybody connected with this Erie ring seems to have attained, we shall now quote the words of Field and Shearman's complaint, on which this order was issued, and which now lies before us. The seventh allegation is—"That as the plaintiff is informed and believes, the issuing of the said stock in the manner and for the price aforesaid was wholly unauthorized and void, and not warranted by any statute."

Judgment is then demanded—"That the issue of said several amounts of stock be declared unauthorized and void, and set aside, and that the stock be given up to be cancelled."

We are saved by this from the necessity of noticing the rest of Mr. Shearman's statements, which are all equally discreditable, even his defence of telegraphing Barnard's injunction, which we confess we have rarely seen surpassed for evasiveness and boldness, especially as, by the time this reaches our readers, he will have received a severe but well-merited castigation from General Barlow in the *Tribune*. Mr. Shearman seems to be laboring under a cruel delusion as to his position before the public.

We shall take leave of the matter by asking how it happens that gentlemen whose professional character is assailed and has been as seriously damaged as his and Mr. Field's have been, do not demand an investigation at the hands of a body of competent lawyers, and put an end to this newspaper controversy? If they get three or four lawyers in good standing to say their proceedings have been proper, of course these attacks on them must cease. General Barlow has challenged them to do so. Time was, when, if a gentleman found his honor impugned, so far from evading enquiry, he insisted on it, and we trust that day is not wholly past. We can understand why Messrs. Field and Shearman should not sue their assailants, for libel suits are slow and inconclusive, but voluntary trial before a tribunal of lawyers is another thing, and this can be had any day.

#### THE ENGLISH WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

LONDON, March 1, 1871.

WHO is she? The well-known *materfamilias*, Hawthorne's dread and *Punch*'s pride; the equally well-known English rosebud; the "Amelia" of *Vanity Fair*; or that hackneyed unfortunate, the girl of the period? No; the new woman is none of these. The new woman is to be born of education and the franchise, and her sponsors are Mill and Buckle and Spencer—an august trio who are not afraid to renounce in her name the frivolities of the past, and to promise for her great things in the future. Their prophetic eyes have seen the statue in the marble, and they say, Give the hammer and chisel full play, and a woman shall come forth. And, considering the material they have already found, these champions of the sex may well indulge in golden visions. If the ideal shall become a reality, with the power and physique of Miss Cobbe, the perseverance and acuteness of Miss Garrett, the sweetness of Lady Lyell, the grace and dignity of Mrs. Fawcett; then, gentlemen, fall back; *place aux dames* in good earnest. The reign of your bearded majorities will be over, you will have monopolized long enough the front rank, and may safely stand aside to let the eager brains and supple hands of the great reserve of women take their chance at the world's work. Soberly speaking, the women of England who have fallen into line on the question of female suffrage and equality are a formidable phalanx, and the spirit and manner of their progress are worthy the consideration of their American sisters whose faces are set in the same direction. While the average standard of feminine intellect is lower here, and there is a noticeable lack of the vivacious many-sidedness so common and so charming in America, I am especially struck by a type of woman unknown with us—a type which, setting aside patriotic prejudices, I believe to promise better for the future than any existing

product of our high-pressure civilization. I ask your forgiveness, my countrywomen, for such a verdict, for it is from the depths of my faith in your latent possibilities that I speak; and with the most earnest desire that you may stand side by side with her in all noble work, I seek to introduce to you the English woman of to-day; no ideal, no vision, but the actual, existing woman. Will you hear what she is, as I have found her, and believe my assurance that there is no exaggeration in this description of her imitable virtues?

First, material and unpoetic as it may seem, I would point, in speaking of this class of women, to the superiority of their physique. The dear old comfortable metaphor of oak and vine has got to be given up physically as well as mentally—a woman who can work only five hours a day can scarcely expect to compete on ground already his with a man who works ten; and the ability of an Englishwoman to walk twenty miles in a winter storm, and eat her dinner after it with a good appetite, is of more value to her than many speeches. *Bonbons* and *mayonnaise* and the like allurements must be forsaken, for beef and beer are powerful allies of the suffrage; the sweet tooth must be sacrificed along with low dresses and late hours and sensation novels; body and mind must be well fed and exercised, before either the one or the other can demonstrate its actual capacity. A woman forced at a temperature of 90° on an irrational, unregulated diet may be brilliant, interesting, morbidly poetical; she can never be self-reliant, cool, or persistent. The unanimity and organization of the women here who are working to establish their sex's equality I trace, therefore, in a measure, to their superior physical health. They are neither so nervous nor so enthusiastic as our women, and therefore look more carefully to results, and are not so much carried away by evanescent emotion. The national characteristics of obstinacy and self-satisfaction come also into play; for, though they can scarcely be classed as virtues, yet are they powerful adjuncts at certain crises of the battle. The form which the last-named quality takes among these women does not by any means imply the vanity and desire for notoriety which unfortunately actuate many who are prominent before the public in America. The leaders here have no intention of usurping masculine attire, take no especial delight in unfolding their experiences from platforms, and are by no means adepts in clever abuse of their adversaries. There is scarcely a woman in England who could have "used up" Dr. Todd as did Miss Dodge; but there are not a few who by steady, hard training have enabled themselves practically to give the lie to his assertions. Doubtless, well-put ridicule and cutting sarcasm are powerful weapons, but it scarcely seems worth while, in the present undetermined status of women, for them to indulge freely in the use of either till they have proved their ability to make good their claims and hold fast any advantage which their brilliant sallies may give them. At late meetings of the "National Society for Women's Suffrage," the women present, both speakers and audience, gave a large majority of real workers; for example, Miss Garrett, Miss Faithfull, Miss Cobbe, Dr. Blackwell, Mrs. Taylor, etc., all women who have actually done something, who can command a respectful hearing from the men against whom they have fairly matched themselves.

Of course, such women must look at the question from widely different standpoints, and base their arguments upon various foundations, but they are all immediately practical. In the speeches made on these occasions, we miss the peppery doctrines so frequently enunciated in America, and also, be it acknowledged, the enthusiastic eloquence which often carries us away in spite of sober judgment; but we get instead a quiet common-sense, a general grasp of the subject, a womanly vindication of woman's rights, which is less liable to misinterpretation and more convincing. Women have so long been trained to trust to their emotional nature rather than to their reason, that it is no easy matter for them to leave the flowery paths of false sentiment for an inflexible logical sequence which won't permit them to say clever, untrue things, or to appeal, as of old, to the assailable hearts of their masculine judges. The sober British intellect meets more readily the requirements of this present age of reason than does the excitable American, and the advantage is evident. English women are arriving at results while we are still tossing from one horn of the dilemma to the other. That is, women here are showing what they can do, while with us they are mostly occupied with what they can say. I hope that this is no injustice to my countrywomen; the question is so broad that one hesitates to express an opinion upon it, for, without doubt, the different external circumstances powerfully affect the feminine character, and the existence of a completely crystallized society gives opportunity for that thorough culture which goes so far

towards producing a well-balanced mind, and which with us can only be attained in exceptionally favored cases. Still, this much is certain, that the question of women's rights has, so far as its public treatment is concerned, been taken up here by a class of women widely different from the leaders in the American branch of the movement. And the effect of this, as I said in the beginning, is to show us the germ of the woman of the future; the woman who, we believe, is to be strong and tender, wise and grave, able to stand alone, but never disdainful of sympathy—man's true help-meet, not his rival. If this is to be in good earnest the goal for which American women are striving, they can reach it only by the path in which their English sisters are treading, and that path is as open to the one as to the other. A steady determination to fit herself for whatever work she undertakes, and an equal determination to undertake no work from motives of vanity or as a temporary diversion, must form the basis of each individual's effort, and organization and system must precede any successful public labor. I blush when I remember how American women, by their weak divisions, their meaningless, interminable resolutions, and, above all, by their illimitable "brag," have made themselves fair game for scurrilous tongues. It is a serious matter this, and one that presses every day more closely upon all thoughtful women. A late leader in the *Times*, in criticising the action of the National Suffrage Society, says: "The only right woman has is the right to a natural protector; give her that, and the rest will follow." A fair promise, but one that was never made by woman's Creator. In his law it is written that no protector can shield woman from the result of her own sin and folly, no protector can give her the security which is the reward only of honest endeavor or take from her the responsibilities which are hers—primarily as a member of the race, and, secondarily, in her character as woman.

We must in very shame put the ignorance and weakness of the past away from us. If there is any meaning in the story of the woman who ate first of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and bequeathed to her daughters a double heritage of grief, may we not hope that the best good as well as the most evil is to come to us from that mysterious temptation of our mother? If from lack of liberal education, from an unbalanced social condition, or from a certain fluidity of the national character, the mass of our women are really unprepared to act on this particular political question, the general progress can still go on, and for the rest we must bide our time. Teach women to think independently; teach them that even where ignorance is bliss it is *not* folly to be wise; make them appreciate, what I fear few of them do, that they are responsible not only for the sin that they commit, but for the sin that they permit, and it will not be long before they will be willing and able to take any power that will assist them in overcoming vice, public or private.

English women are showing an ability for immediate practical action which I do not find in America. They are fighting vigorously and unitedly against certain social evils which come especially within their province; they are training themselves in a business-like manner for philanthropic work; they are not riding individual hobbies, nor airing clever, impracticable theories; in a word, they care much for the honest advancement of the sex in the line of its natural progress, and see clearly that women can attain the highest development, only as men attain it, by patient, hard work. It is, therefore, only as a means to an end that they are asking for the suffrage. They regard it as no panacea, no charm, but as a new and great responsibility, a two-edged sword which cuts both ways, and does good service only in strong, firm hands.

When they get this weighty weapon of political and social power (as they surely will), there will be no hesitation in wielding it, no desire to shirk the duties and dangers that its possession brings, because they know their ground and their goal, are clear-eyed, strong-armed, and pure-hearted. The question that American women should to-day ask themselves is this: If we gain our point this year or next, have we measured our capacity and our work? Are we asking for the ballot as children ask for a new toy or coquettes for a new flirtation, or are we looking through the dust of this present struggle up to fields of noble endeavor where this power and every other shall be used "for the glory of God"? Until we believe that we can do more for politics than politics can do for us; until we know what we want, and are willing to suffer and strive for its attainment, our clamorous demands are worse than useless. We have as yet much to learn from our English sisters, who are patiently preparing themselves for the test which they ask to have applied to them, the test of a fair field and no favor; and it will surely be a happy day for the sex in America when we all see that our best hope for the future lies in a wise, conscientious culture of our natural gifts.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

#### ENGLAND—THE BREAKDOWN OF THE MINISTRY.

LONDON, March 3, 1871.

In writing to you shortly before the opening of Parliament, I pointed out some of the causes which appeared to have shaken the influence of Mr. Gladstone's Government. The session is now about three weeks old, and we have already witnessed some illustrations of the position in which ministers find themselves. Let me, in the first place, refer to an agitation which I fear must appear to you, as it certainly does to us, to be almost interminable. I mean the movement for the abolition of tests in the universities. The process of relaxing the stringency of the bonds by which Oxford and Cambridge are connected with the Church of England began something like twenty years ago; the door has been slowly and grudgingly opened, and Dissenters have forced their way into the vestibule of the sacred edifice. Its inner chambers, where the richest prizes are to be picked up, are still unprofaned; but the exclusion cannot be permanently maintained. Last year the House of Commons by a large majority passed a measure rendering Dissenters eligible to fellowships; which was shelved, though not directly negatived, by the House of Lords under the influence of Lord Salisbury. This year the same measure has been introduced by Mr. Gladstone, and has already passed the Commons. So far the Government showed a praiseworthy desire to redeem its pledges. But meanwhile another difficulty has arisen. The policy of liberals in general has been to raise their demands in proportion to the obstinacy of the resistance. They accordingly remembered that, even if the measure were passed in its present form, a great grievance would remain. The fellowships, it is true, would be in great measure opened to Dissenters; but there would remain a large number of fellowships which are only tenable by clergymen. The effect of the bill would therefore be to enable Dissenters to hold a considerable number (I think from a half to two-thirds) of the fellowships, but the remainder would be as now confined not only to the dominant sect, but to the clergy of that sect. They accordingly moved an amendment to the bill, providing that this final restriction should be removed. Mr. Gladstone refused to accept the amendment on two grounds. The first, which was, I think, perfectly reasonable, though I cannot trouble you with the necessary explanations, was that such a change would involve a number of other changes in the constitution of the colleges, which could only be dealt with satisfactorily in a more comprehensive manner. If he had pledged himself to deal with all the questions thus involved in the sense desired—namely, by enabling an executive commission to go into the whole question, his position would have been at any rate defensible. But he was vague upon this point, and relied chiefly upon his second reason. This was the untenable assertion that the House of Commons was under a certain obligation to the House of Lords not to raise its terms at present. Most people considered the obligation to be altogether imaginary, and thought that a decided policy was better than temporizing and indulging in refined scruples. Accordingly, Mr. Gladstone was put in an almost unprecedented position for a liberal minister. He carried his measure by a majority of only twenty-one votes, which was, in itself, strange enough for so powerful a government. But the result is still stranger when we examine into the constitution of the majority. Mr. Gladstone was supported only by his official dependents and by conservatives. The minority was composed exclusively of his natural supporters, the liberals. Indeed a friend of mine found a member of the Government walking into the wrong lobby, and following by a kind of instinct those with whom he was always accustomed to vote. A liberal leader has perhaps never before found himself in so completely false a position.

I come, however, to a more serious difficulty. An announcement recently made startled the House by its suddenness and unexpected nature. Government gave notice that a select committee was to be proposed to enquire into the state of Westmeath in Ireland. Agrarian outrages, it is stated, have lately been very infrequent throughout the greater part of the country. The coercive measures of last year appear to have been successful, and the general quietness of the Irish people was noticed with complacency in the Queen's speech. But it seems that in the county of Westmeath there have been four murders and four attempts to murder during the past year. They are attributed to the existence of a Ribbon conspiracy which keeps the district in a state of terrorism. Witnesses were afraid to come forward, and it was proposed that the committee should take evidence in secret. Lord Hartington, who has recently become Secretary for Ireland, and who is a commonplace young man who owes his position to his great Whig connections, moved for the committee in a feeble and hesitating speech. It immediately appeared that Govern-

ment had become frightened by the opposition raised to the proposed secrecy of the committee, and said that it was only to have the power of taking evidence in secret if it chose. The question, however, remained, Why have a committee at all? If part of Ireland is undergoing a reign of terror, energetic measures should be at once adopted. It seemed absurd to ask for a committee to find out what Government already knew, or to invent a policy which Government ought to discover for themselves. The proposal was merely another instance of a policy which has lately become too common. A Government boasting of an unparalleled majority is always trying to shuffle off responsibility upon the shoulders of the House of Commons, and instead of acting vigorously, to get somebody else to provide them with information, and then to tell them how to act upon it. In short, it was an exhibition of feebleness and vacillation, singularly discreditable in a case where firmness is specially needed. If we are to rule Ireland at all, we must show that we can stamp out outrages inexorably; to be shilly-shallying and hesitating and apologizing is the most infallible means of encouraging the spirit of disaffection.

Mr. Disraeli saw the blot and took advantage of it in his very best manner. His speech on Monday night was one of his most vigorous exhibitions. He was, of course, rather unfair—few political partisans are scrupulous in such matters, and he least of all. But he sparkled with epigrams; he was brilliant, cutting, and effective, he seemed to be taking revenge for many previous humiliations; and, to use the only appropriate language, felt that he had got Mr. Gladstone's head in chancery and pitched in with amazing energy. No more brilliant sparring performance has been lately seen in the political ring; and his supporters fairly shouted with enthusiasm to which they have long been strangers when he declared that government had "legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, and condoned treason." Mr. Gladstone replied last night in one of those elaborate harangues in which the sense has to be vaguely sought through a labyrinth of pompous phraseology. His explanation left matters darker than before, and nobody could precisely tell when he sat down amidst an unsympathetic audience, why a committee should be appointed, or how far it was to be secret, or how far the Government understood its own mind. A fine chance was open to those rather unsteady politicians who appear to regard mischief-making as the natural duty of an independent member, but whose assaults are rather ominous in so far as they like to catch applause by kicking a falling man. Sir. R. Peel and Mr. Osborne, who are both distinguished performers of this class, made energetic attacks upon Mr. Gladstone's proposal. Sir R. Peel described the committee in language borrowed from Sir Cornwall Lewis, as a piece of machinery constructed for the purpose "of smothering the truth and obstructing investigation and true enquiry." He said that Government admitted that they were working the Irish members to exercise a salutary check upon them. Mr. Osborne was equally facetious. The one cry which had been all-powerful at the hustings was "Gladstone for ever!" and now Mr. Gladstone's Government was in the position of the weak woman, who, when she hesitates, is lost. The committee was nothing more than a screen for ministerial debility and executive incapacity. And impugning the fitness of Government to deal with Irish matters, he declared that there was an inscription over the doors of the cabinet, "No Irish need apply." This and a good deal more badinage of the same kind derived no particular weight from the political reputation of the assailants. Mr. Osborne is a kind of licensed jester, whom every one likes to hear, but for whose opinions nobody cares a straw; and Sir R. Peel, though a man of considerable talent as a speaker, has pursued far too eccentric a course to be regarded as a serious politician. Like partisans in a guerilla warfare, they are of little account to powerful opponents, but may be exceedingly annoying on the flanks of a retreating force. They were listened to last night with a degree of sympathy which augured rather ill for the stability of Mr. Gladstone's Government. The committee was of course granted, though not without a division, which showed an unexpected strength of opposition. As the lists have not yet been published, I cannot speak as to the composition of the minority; but I suspect that, on this as on the other occasion I have mentioned, it will appear that a large number of Mr. Gladstone's natural supporters were arrayed against him.

I might give some further instances of a weakness which is becoming a general topic of remark. The measure for army reform is less liked the more it is examined; and 'though there is the great difficulty that nobody is prepared to take Mr. Gladstone's place, and therefore no sudden change is to be expected at present, I shall not be surprised if the session shows a still more remarkable falling off in the prestige of the cabinet.

The announcement of the joint commission for the settlement of our difficulties with the United States has given general satisfaction; though in the presence of the Continental war it has scarcely attracted so much notice as might have been expected. There are obvious difficulties upon which it is unnecessary for me to dwell as to its power of effecting a satisfactory settlement; but I may safely say that on this side of the water, at least, there will be a strong wish to accept any conclusion of its labors which could be accepted without dishonor. I feel it useless to speculate further on a topic of which you are at least as good judges as I can be, and on which no general expression of sentiment has been evoked.

## Correspondence.

### THE PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AT WEST POINT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to add a few words to the information contained in the letter headed "The Professor of French at West Point," in Thursday's *Nation*, March 16, as I think your Washington correspondence, to which it refers, hardly does justice to the President or to the newly appointed Professor of French.

General George L. Andrews was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1851. He stood at the head of his class, throughout his entire academic term, in every branch of study, except in French, in which he stood second, the head of this branch being the son of French parents.

General Andrews's scientific attainments are of the highest grade. Few, if any, graduates have been sent forth from the Military Academy of more thorough knowledge than he possesses. He is perfectly acquainted with the French language, which he speaks, and is moreover an accomplished teacher, having given proofs of this as an assistant professor at West Point.

The military services of General Andrews, during the rebellion, were of the most valuable character, he having served in several highly responsible staff positions in the face of the enemy. Indeed, the record he there made for himself was the determining feature in his selection by the President, from among many candidates, for the place he now fills—his appointment to which has been hailed with the greatest satisfaction by every graduate of West Point who knows him.

General Andrews was himself an applicant for this vacant professorship. It was a career he felt more suited to his talents and tastes than that one which called for a participation in partisan political life, which was abhorrent to him, and to which he never would lend himself. If the President and the members of his cabinet would always give to the public service such men as General Andrews, and place them as wisely for the public interests as he has been placed, the people might snap their fingers in the faces of the politicians.

M.

WEST POINT, March 20, 1871.

## Notes.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN, who is at present in London, is engaged on a history of the last Cretan insurrection, to be published, as soon as completed, in this country. The work is likely to contain some curious revelations in regard to this equally unnecessary and unfortunate struggle, which Mr. Stillman, then American Consul at Canéa, did his utmost to prevent. From his official position, we may expect an inside view of the diplomatic phases of the imbroglio that will be *piquant* reading, whether or not it will make the rôle of the United States appear particularly creditable. It is even possible that our Cretan sympathizers will not appear to the best advantage.—A correspondent points out an inaccuracy in our statement that the *North British Review* was first issued in 1845. The true date is May 1, 1844, the proprietor then being Thomas Constable, son of Archibald Constable, the original publisher and proprietor of the *Edinburgh Review*.—The alumni of Phillips Academy are taking measures to honor the memory of its late principal, Dr. Taylor, by erecting a monument at his grave, and providing a marble bust to be placed in the Academy. Contributions may be sent to Mr. A. H. Hardy, 181 State Street, Boston.—Mr. Ledyard Bill, author of "A Winter in Florida," which was a very agreeable and honest guide-book, has written a more general work, now in press, on the "Climates and Resorts for Invalids, Tourists, and Emigrants." It will include, say the publishers, Messrs. Wood & Hel-

brook, of this city, a carefully prepared estimate of Minnesota—its climate, air, water, soil, scenery, etc.—with notes on Florida, Nassau, Fayal, California, the Adirondacks, etc.—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will reprint from the English editions: "English Premiers from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel," by J. C. Earle; Professor Jowett's translation of the "Dialogues" of Plato; "The Natural History of the Strait of Magellan;" with numerous diaries and other works relating to the Franco-Prussian war.—Macmillan & Co. announce a "Narrative of the Red River Expedition," by Captain Huysh, the private secretary of the commander, Col. Sir Garret Wolseley.

—There being notoriously no lack of public spirit in this country, and the race of which Peabody is the type being in no danger of running out, the only desideratum would seem to be a certain enlightenment which should determine each benefaction in the wisest manner, with as little waste or superfluity as possible. Among all the guides to the thousand-and-one accomplishments by which life is adorned and character improved, no one has yet thought of preparing a manual of charity, or guide to those intending to benefit the public, who would often, doubtless, be glad enough to take counsel if they knew where to seek it. We do not mean a bare list of deserving organizations, or even of the chief wants of society; but such general considerations as shall fit the various intentions of the benevolent, whether religion, or education, or social or political reform be the object of their giving. For instance, we conceive that a rule might be framed which would be helpful to many, which might stand among the first in the supposed manual, and would read something like this: Before multiplying new foundations, observe whether those already existing cannot better be improved.

—Our remarks, however, have wandered from the immediate occasion of them, which was the brochure just issued by the American Social Science Association, entitled: "Free Public Libraries: Suggestions on their Foundation and Administration, with a Selected List of Books" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). This hand-book is only secondarily an aid to that class of Americans who, having made their wealth away from their native town, desire to perpetuate their derivation from it by bestowing on it a free public library; but we trust that it will be the means of prompting this wise benevolence in some who might otherwise have overlooked it. The "Suggestions" are rather for the townspeople, who are at once encouraged to establish a library, and instructed how to stock it and how to conduct it. As to the management, they will here find in a nutshell the results of the experience of the two foremost libraries in the United States—that of Congress and the Boston Public—embodied in practical directions for every part of the work of which it is essential to be informed. The selected list of books contains a few thousand titles "intended to provide amusement as well as instruction, and for readers of all ages and various degrees of education." It has evidently been prepared with great care, and while most persons would probably wish to add some work to it which it does not embrace, we have not observed one which we could wish to have struck out. We may say, moreover, that such a collection would meet all the requirements of general culture, and that it is so fresh in the several departments as to be more valuable than the contents of many a library numerically superior, whose shelves are laden with antiquated and outgrown knowledge. The Astor Library, as now conducted for the public disadvantage, is in our opinion considerably less useful than this proposed library is likely to be.

—The native American having failed signally in his attempts to establish a comic paper, it remains to be seen whether our adopted fellow-citizens are going to succeed any better. Besides the *New-Yorker Kladder-datsch*, which is rather a comic department than a paper by itself, and is not illustrated, nothing, so far as we know, has anticipated *Puck*, just launched in St. Louis by Messrs. Keppler, Herold & Co. Mr. Keppler is the principal, if not the sole, artist, his designs being lithographed, and, after a cursory examination of the text, we conclude that upon his shoulders will rest the fate of the enterprise, since the editorial humor does not rise above mediocrity. We have, for our part, always believed that a truly great draughtsman might sustain an American comic paper, however dull, just as the London *Vanity Fair* now lives by the weekly caricature of its inimitable Pellegrini. Mr. Nast was, *pace* Mr. Stephens's admirers, more nearly the required genius than any artist who has yet appeared, though in point of natural humor we should rank Mr. Bellew above either. The cartoon of the first number of *Puck* is a capital illustration of "Peace" in the European sense—an enormous cat, with a Prussian helmet, complacently holding in her jaws a rat in the French uniform, appropriately colored. Another design which may be praised for its humor represents

the rejoicing of the domestic animals over the raising of the siege of Paris. A third shows President Grant distributing offices and commissions to a worshipping crowd of ex-members of the XLII<sup>nd</sup> Congress.

—No board of commissioners with which we are acquainted has better justified its appointment than the Massachusetts State Board of Health, whose Second Annual Report we have just read with almost the interest that we should a work of fiction. To speak of it according to its deserts would require much more space than we can afford it, while to repeat the table of contents is to give a very inadequate idea of the wealth of useful information to be found in these 400 pages and upwards. Nevertheless, this is the plan we must adopt, in order not to deal wholly in generalities. The reader, then, will find exhaustive contributions on "Poisoning by Lead-pipe used for the Conveyance of Drinking-water;" "Trichina Disease" and "Charbon (or malignant vesicle)" in Massachusetts; the health of the several towns, or rather the prevailing diseases during the past year; "The Causes of Typhoid Fever;" "Analysis of the Mortality of the City of Boston;" "Use of Milk from Cows affected with 'Foot and Mouth Disease';" "The Ventilation of School-houses;" "Health of Minors employed in Factories;" "Air and its Impurities," etc. To these topics are also added a very suggestive report from the chairman, Dr. Bowditch, of his observations last summer in England in regard to the Peabody and Coutts tenement-houses for the poor, Mr. Ruskin's and Miss Octavia Hill's landlord and tenant experiment, convalescent homes, and the sewage question; and the opinions of the Board's Massachusetts correspondents and of American ministers and consuls abroad as to the harm arising, or supposed to arise, from the use of alcoholic drinks. In nearly all these cases the Board simply collects the testimony of its regular correspondents, at most pointing out the weight and tendency of it, and leaving the reader to form his own judgment, and the legislator to provide the appropriate remedy. The editing of this large mass of correspondence and the summing up are the work of the secretary, Dr. George Derby, whose ability and clearness and attractiveness of style could, for such a purpose, scarcely be surpassed. We do not know what pains are taken to circulate these Health Reports, but as they are prepared for the popular understanding, it is to be hoped they are widely disseminated as tracts, either complete or in the separate divisions. Physicians everywhere might better afford to dispense with *Braithwaite* than with these documents, which perhaps can be had for the asking; and they will be less worthy of their humane calling than we take them to be if they are not stimulated to demand of every State government a Board of Health like that which Massachusetts has first had the honor of instituting.

—A work not unlike the "Nomina Geographica" of Dr. Egli, which we lately noticed, has been published in Milan with the following title: "Vocabolario Poliglotta di Geografia." The author is Charles Mensinger, a Bohemian, who, though he has made Italy his adopted country, and has more than once gone to the battle-field with her armies, is nevertheless devoted to the Panslavic idea, and is animated in his present work by the desire of giving due prominence to the Slavic tongues, and of contributing in this way to the Slavic revival. Possibly this fact may color some of his etymologies, his aim being to trace to their origin "the proper names of the empires, kingdoms, republics, principalities, duchies, provinces, departments, districts, cities, boroughs, and villages of Europe," and to re-establish the exact orthography whenever it has been disguised or distorted. If this essay succeeds, it is the author's intention to revise it thoroughly and enlarge it with the names of rivers, lakes, and mountains, associating with himself persons learned in ethnography and philology.

—A convenient hand-book of Italian history, and readable withal, is Prof. Giuseppe Riccardi's "Diario Storico-Biografico" (Milan, 1870). As the title indicates, it is a book of days—the literary and political fasti of modern Italy—in which the most distinguished men associated with her history from Charlemagne down have their lives briefly recorded. However complete such a survey may be, it has the disadvantage of being unchronological; and Professor Riccardi has accordingly prefixed a short but clear summary of Italian history, after reading which the student may easily, by means of the index, refer to the biographies of any given period.

—Quite a different diary is that imagined by the bookseller Lacroix, in Paris, who, considering that for five months no European news of less magnitude than the occupation of Rome or the piercing of the Mont Cenis tunnel could gain access to the beleaguered city, or at least reach the public in due order and connection, has begun publishing a complete historical summary for each day from the 15th of September to the 28th of January. The *Journal des Deux Mondes*, as he calls this publication, has

had a great success among the Parisians, and being skilfully done is even recommended to those who were not lost to the world's progress in that eventful period. In this "catching up," it is to be hoped the Parisians will not be deprived of the honest and wholesome criticism which Christendom has more or less liberally bestowed on them during confinement, unhappily without a hearing. Bismarck's sayings, which with less difficulty crossed the barriers, were too bitter for digestion then, but, if now remembered for their truthfulness, perhaps will be forgiven for their wit. This wit was not disarmed by the capitulation. "I have got what I deserve," said he to Jules Favre, during the negotiations for the armistice; "a man like me writing to a madman like Gambetta! I have blundered, and must expiate it. Do you know what his answer is? It is a paraphrase of Cambronne's *mot*." A *mot* which is known to readers of "Les Misérables." On hearing of the Paris nominations for the Assembly, Bismarck said, with a slight change of the old verdict against the Bourbons: "They have forgotten everything and learned nothing." And when, the question of entering Paris being raised, Picard remarked to him: "You ought to be aware of the significance of the city elections." "Perfectly," interrupted Bismarck; "they went against you." Still better is the dialogue between Favre and the Prussian Chancellor on the same subject: "Be it so," said the latter, "we will not enter; but on one condition—that every time a Paris journal shall say, 'They didn't dare to,' Paris shall pay a contribution of a million thalers." "The price would be too dear," responded Favre.

—Only in its last number (29) does the *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin* depart from its single-eyed devotion to scientific explorations, and give any indication that Germany has been at war with France. In its report of the meeting of the Geographical Society in October, we find a few remarks by the President, H. Bastian, on the worthlessness of the French claims to the Rhine country, from an ethnographical and historical point of view; with other remarks by H. Kiepert concerning his historical maps of Alsace and Lorraine (lately described in the *Nation*), in which he called attention to the very slight encroachments made by the French on the *Sprachgrenze*, or line of demarcation between the two languages, in the course of a century and a half of occupation. Attention is also called anew, in a patriotic review of the book, to Richard Böckh's standard work on the number and linguistic area of the Germans in Europe ("Der Deutschen Volkszahl und Sprachgebiet in den Europäischen Staaten—eine statistische Untersuchung." Berlin, 1869.) Böckh was the collaborateur of Kiepert's in making the maps just referred to. In that part of his book which relates to the Germans in France (chap. xi. pp. 151-194), it is estimated that the German-speaking domain (*Sprachgebiet*) embraced 140 geographical square miles and one million of inhabitants.

—In the same number of this admirable journal is an account of the latest contribution to the discussion of Xenophon's line of march to the sea with his Ten Thousand. While no part of this long journey can be said to be known with certainty, there is every probability that in time the most important points will be established. That upon which nearly all the rest hinges is the location of "the sacred mountain Theches," from which the Greeks first saw the sea. Whenever this height is identified, we may reasonably expect to find traces of the stone heap which the soldiers in their joy threw up as a monument. Col. Strecke, who, in the last volume of the *Zeitschrift* (see also vol. x., p. 194, of the *Nation*), mapped out the entire route, selected the Kolat Dagh as the sacred mountain, without, however, pretending to have found the trophy. Another engineer in the Turkish employ at Trebizond, P. Borit, has had the merit of exploring the parallel ranges south of the main range of Pontus, and which have heretofore been supposed to be shut out by it from any view of the sea. He actually found an unnamed peak with a practicable road from which, as he believes, he saw the sea through a gap in the more northern range, and close by were circular stone heaps, of no great height, to be sure—a middle one about thirty (German) feet in diameter, and several smaller ones surrounding it from four to six feet in diameter. An examination of one of these brought to view fragments of coarse red and black clay vessels such as are still in use in the region. All that can be said of this discovery at present is that it suggests further investigation in a quarter where no one had before thought of looking.

—Those who are interested in Aryan (Indo-Persian) studies know well what excellent service was done them, a score of years ago, by Professor R. Roth, of Tübingen. No scholar brought either to the *Veda* or the *Avesta* a more penetrating insight, a greater power of combination, or a sounder and more fruitful method. Since that time, he has been mainly

absorbed in the great St. Petersburg *Sanskrit-Lexicon*—a most valuable work, indeed, yet one to which many students have grudged his so exclusive devotion. What he is capable of doing for the *Veda* when the *Lexicon* (now nearly completed) is off his hands, he showed a year since by a specimen or two of translation, published by way of criticism upon that great bundle of padding, Müller's so-called translation of the *Rig-Veda*. No one, we venture to say, who compares the two versions would hesitate as to which of them he would wish to see continued and completed. More recently, we learn, he is availing himself of his intervals of leisure to return to the *Avesta*; and he has begun a series of contributions upon it to the German Oriental Society's *Journal*, the first being on the point of appearing. In this he explains his method and the principles that underlie it, and translates and expounds the "Honover," or prayer *ahuna vairyō*, one of the most sacred formulas of the Zoroastrian faith, and a hymn from the *Gāthās*, the oldest, and most difficult part of the *Avesta*. The interpretation of the *Avesta*, since Burnouf's beginning, has been almost wholly in the hands of Spiegel and Haug, of whom the former rejects on principle the most valuable aid of the interpreter, comparison with the nearly-related *Veda*, while the latter is far from possessing the sound judgment and critical insight which should make his work, upon the whole, satisfactory. If the version of the one is set beside that of the other, one hardly sees that both have been at work upon the same material. And, what is much worse, both alike bring out a result that is little better than nonsense. Roth lays down the rule that nothing is to be accounted as understood and translated until a good and consistent meaning is wrought out of it; and he shows practically that sense can be found where it has been hitherto sought in vain. Of the sacred formula, which quite probably goes back to Zoroaster himself, he makes a verse, containing a profession of faith in the better world and in its just ruler, who bears sway also in the present world, and has established in it a guide and comforter for those who are in trouble (that is to say, doubtless, his prophet Zoroaster).

#### THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.\*

THE author of the "Origin of Species" is more widely known, more eagerly read, more cordially admired, and more emphatically denounced than any other scientific man of the day. The interest in him is in great measure due to the natural desire of humanity to penetrate that "mystery of mysteries"—its origin; the encomiums which even his warmest opponents (excepting those who are filled with the *odium theologicum*) have bestowed upon him are just tributes to his long and faithful labors, and to the modesty which has compelled others to award to him some of the credit he seemed loth to claim; but much, if not all, of the indignation which many good persons feel towards him arises from misconceptions of his ideas respecting the Creator, which have their origin not in his own works, but in those of certain advocates of his general views.

In truth, the candid reader of Darwin's own works can find little fault with his conceptions of the Creator so far as regards their sincerity, although it is evident that he regards the origin of species as a legitimate subject of scientific enquiry, and ignores, as well he may, the vain attempts to reconcile the conclusions to which he is led with the commonly received interpretation of Scripture. So does the author of the "Genesis of Species," who is, however, a professedly devout man, and gives many arguments and quotations, especially in the chapter on "Theology and Evolution," to show that neither "Darwinism" nor any other derivative theory necessarily conflicts in the least degree with the most orthodox religious convictions.

This leads to the needed correction of another grave misconception—that "Darwinism" is synonymous with "derivation" or "evolution," and that either of these terms is equivalent to "transmutation." This idea has not only crept into the book catalogues, where all works upon the origin of species are grouped together under the title "Darwinismus," as if they treated of merely local varieties of the same intellectual epidemic, but it has also caused many who feel that Darwin's particular theory is wrong to oppose all theories whatsoever involving the derivation of higher forms from lower.

A sketch of the views which preceded his own is prefixed, by Darwin, to the later editions of his work; but we have nowhere met with any grouping of these and subsequent theories which exhibits their relative

\* "The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection. By Charles Darwin, F.R.S." Fifth edition. (Am. reprint.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871. Pp. 447. 8vo.  
"The Genesis of Species. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. Pp. 296 (with illustrations).

nature. Such a classification we venture to offer here, admitting the impossibility of more than indicating the salient points of each theory and the names of a few of its more zealous advocates. We have also thought it best to omit the hypothesis of "acceleration and retardation,"\* recently proposed by Professor Cope, and spoken of by Principal Dawson as, in his view, "the most promising of all."

FAMILY.	GENUS.	SPECIES.	SUPPORTERS.
Creation	Independent	Production of adults..... Production of eggs.....	Milton. Swedenborg.
	Derivative	Production of Varieties..... Production of Species.....	Lamarck. Darwin. Wallace. "Vestiges." Parsons. Owen. Mivart. Ferris.
		Natural selection..... Ordinary Genesis..... Parthenogenesis.....	

The above will explain itself to those who are already familiar with the subject, but a few words may be added for others. If the species of animals and plants were created *independently* of all other species, then they must have been made as either perfect and fully formed individuals or as seeds and eggs. The former view is here ascribed to Milton rather than to Moses or to Scripture, because most intelligent people now admit that the earlier chapters of Genesis cannot reasonably be interpreted in their literal sense; so that for a distinct statement of this view we must look to the great English poet, who, however, was not a scientific man.† The idea that organisms were created as eggs, which have a simpler structure, is less difficult to comprehend than the foregoing, but it is not easy to see how this could occur with the higher animals whose young are born *alive*, and not in the form of eggs. A rather vague enunciation of this idea is contained in a little work by Swedenborg,‡ which is probably to be regarded as purely philosophical and not as one of his theological works.

The second and more numerous family of theories is called "Derivative," because they all involve the supposition that in some way the lower and earlier forms have served as the means of producing higher and later ones. But it will be seen that they differ essentially as to the *manner* of this derivation. Lamarck was impressed with the amount of variation in size and form which the parts of an animal may undergo in consequence of their use or disuse, and so indirectly from any desire or "appetency" which the animal experienced, *e. g.*, a fish might thus become a quadruped if forced to live upon the land, and an ape might become a man. The amount of change in any one generation might be very slight, but the next generation would inherit, increase, and perpetuate the transformation.

In the endeavor to give a concise statement of Darwin's own theory, we suffer from an "embarras de richesses," for not only is his own work one long presentation of it in many different aspects, but each later writer upon the subject has given his particular version, and from a different standpoint. Summary expressions of the theory are given by our author on pages 40, 70, 178, 412, 437; but a more diagrammatic enunciation is that of Wallace, who not only presented publicly an independent theory of natural selection at the same time with Darwin (1858), but has since paid a warm tribute to the latter's work, while expressing a doubt respecting the sufficiency of that theory for the production of man. With a few unimportant changes, his presentation is as follows:§

1. Tendency of individuals to increase in number, while yet the actual number remains stationary.
2. A struggle for existence among those which compete for food and endeavor to escape death.
3. Survival of the fittest; meaning that those die which are least fitted to maintain their existence.
4. Hereditary transmission of general likeness.
5. Individual differences among all.
6. Change of external conditions universal and unceasing.
7. Changes of organic forms to keep them in harmony with the changed conditions; and as the changes of condition are permanent, in the sense of not reverting back to identical previous conditions, the changes of organic forms must be in the same sense permanent, and thus originate species."

The following passages from the "Origin of Species" may aid the comprehension of what the author admits to be a complex hypothesis:

"There is a struggle for existence leading to the preservation of profitable deviations of structure and instincts" (p. 412). "Natural selection acts solely through the preservation of advantageous variation, and it

acts with extreme slowness, at long intervals of time, and only on a few inhabitants of the same region" (p. 108). "It is not probable that variability is an inherent and necessary contingent under all circumstances; variability is governed by many unknown laws" (p. 50). "We are profoundly ignorant of the cause of each slight variation or individual difference" (p. 192). "Nature gives successive variations; man adds them up in certain directions useful to him" (p. 40).

We italicize *man* because we are convinced that the grand fallacy in Darwin's theory lies just here, in the assumption that the selection and propagation of useful variations by *man* is in any way comparable to what takes place in nature. What is proved by all his works is this: that, so far as experience goes, no two created things are identical; that in many cases naturalists differ in their estimate of the value of the distinctions existing between individuals, so that what some call varieties others regard as species (a mighty question, which can only be decided by comparing great numbers of individuals of an undoubted species, and especially the progeny of a single pair); that by constant attention, by saving such as meet his wants and rejecting the rest, man has produced very strongly marked varieties, which continue "permanent" so long as this care is given, but which, the instant it is relaxed and a free crossing with other breeds is allowed, show that they are only varieties and not true species by reverting to the original stock. It may also be admitted that in nature a somewhat similar selection takes place, especially under the form of "sexual selection," but there is as yet no evidence whatever that natural species can be compared to the breeds of domesticated animals; and to ascribe to "selection" of any kind the power of originating species merely because it can preserve useful individual varieties, is as illogical as—if so homely a simile is allowable—to suppose that the man who is able to manage his own house is, therefore, competent to "keep a hotel." Natural selection may be a *true* cause, but it is not shown to be a *sufficient* cause.

It may here be noted that *reversion* is not mentioned in any of the statements of the theory of natural selection by either Darwin or Wallace. Yet the former treats of the subject at length, and even depends upon its agency, after the lapse of thousands of years, to account for the sudden reappearance of otherwise inexplicable structures; so that, if we give to reversion the weight which Darwin himself allows it when it favors his views, his arguments against its action (pages 28 and 160) do not remove what is really a very serious objection to the theory of natural selection as applied to the production of specific forms in nature.

This whole subject is well presented by Mivart in the chapter on "Specific Stability," and we have alluded to it here because it has always seemed to us to involve a fundamental fallacy which the author of "Natural Selection" is bound to remove.

The object of the "Genesis of Species" is "to maintain the position that natural selection acts, and, indeed, must act; but that still, in order that we may be able to account for the production of known kinds of animals and plants, it requires to be supplemented by the action of some other natural law or laws, as yet undiscovered" (page 5). This is, we may remark, but one of the numerous evidences that, while the general theory of "derivation" has been steadily gaining adherents even from among its original opponents, yet "natural selection"—Darwinism "pure and simple"—has been, and is still, losing ground even with those who were inclined to adopt it. Huxley "adopts it only provisionally."\* McCosh† admits that "it contains much truth, but not all, and overlooks more than it perceives." Lesley‡ says, "All agree that it is true if kept within the regions of *variety*, but it is disputed whether it be true for actual *specific* differences." Wallace denies its sufficiency in the case of man, and Darwin himself has modified his views somewhat in this last edition of the "Origin of Species"; furthermore, he admits "the existence of difficulties so serious that he can hardly reflect on them without being staggered" (p. 167); and that "scarcely a single point is discussed on which facts cannot be adduced often apparently leading to conclusions opposite to mine" (p. 18). Indeed, with characteristic candor, he specifies certain ideas which, if proved, would be fatal: "If it could be proved that any part of the structure of one species had been formed for the exclusive good of another species, it would annihilate my theory" (p. 196). We may, for example, yet learn the use which the "rattle" and the expanding hood have for the rattlesnake and the cobra, but Mivart is inclined to believe they are rather injurious, since they warn the prey (p. 50). Another such "fatal idea" is the doctrine

\* "The Hypothesis of Evolution." University series. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

† "Paradise Lost," Book VI.

‡ "Worship and Love of God," Section 3.

§ "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection." London and New York: 1870. Pp. 302.

\* "Man's Place in Nature," p. 128.

† Report of recent lectures.

‡ "Man's Origin and Destiny."

that "many structures have been created for beauty in the eye of man or for mere variety" (p. 194). And here our author seems to contradict himself when, upon the same page, he admits that "many structures are now of no direct use to their possessors, and may never have been of any use to their progenitors"—a subject which has been well discussed by the Duke of Argyll.\*

The theory of natural selection implies that all changes are minute and gradual; and also that only useful structures are preserved and augmented. Prof. Mivart points out the difficulty of explaining the origin of the unsymmetrical form of the flounders, etc. (p. 37), of the limbs of animals which, in their earliest and minutest form, must have been mere buds or roughnesses, and thus rather impediments to the progress of our ancient aquatic progenitor (p. 39). Darwin further admits that "it is impossible to conceive by what steps the electric organs of fishes were produced (p. 184), also that the absence of imperfectly organized forms in the lowest strata of the earth's crust is inexplicable" (p. 292); and his explanation of the absence of the transitional forms which must have existed, according to his theory of "minute modifications in time," between such forms as the elephant, the giraffe, the galeopithecus, the bats, and the ordinary quadrupeds, is very unsatisfactory. His theory of rudimentary organs, also, is extremely imperfect. He accounts for all such from the *disuse of previous perfect organs* (p. 408); but he nowhere hints at the far more essential question as to how these original organs became perfect; for upon his own general hypothesis they must have been rudimentary in the beginning. With regret, and after the closest and most sincere examination of all his remarks upon this subject, we confess that we have rarely seen such an absolute lack of logical argument as is evinced in the section upon rudimentary and functionless structures. In fact, the immense amount of evidence which he has collected does not seem to us to bear upon the main point, the *origin of species*, at all, but only upon the *preservation of favorable individual variations*.

We have not space for further presentation of our own difficulties or those which others have urged against the theory of natural selection, and will simply quote the general grounds upon which Prof. Mivart has been led, with no prejudice against it, to regard that theory as playing only a subordinate part in the production of new species (p. 21):

"Natural selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of useful structures. It does not harmonize with the coexistence of closely similar structures of diverse origin."

"Certain fossil transitional forms are absent which might have been expected to be present; and some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties. There are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which natural selection throws no light whatever."

"Still other objections may be brought against the hypothesis of 'pan-gensis'† which, professing as it does to explain great difficulties, seems to do so by presenting others not less great—almost to be the explanation of *obscurum per obscurius*."

These difficulties, which are set forth with equal cogency and fairness in the earlier chapters of the "Genesis of Species," have led its author to a view which he alludes to throughout his work, but presents in detail in the chapter entitled "Specific Genesis."

"According to this view, an internal law presides over the actions of every part of every individual, and of every organism as a unit, and of the entire organic world as a whole. It is believed that this conception of an internal innate force will ever remain necessary, however much its subordinate processes and actions may become explicable. That by such a force, from time to time, new species are manifested by ordinary generation, these new forms not being monstrosities, but consistent wholes. That these 'jumps' are considerable in comparison with the minute variations of 'natural selection'—are, in fact, sensible steps, such as discriminate species from species. That the latent tendency which exists to these sudden evolutions is determined to action by the stimulus of external condition."

The part assigned to natural selection is stated as follows:

"It rigorously destroys monstrosities, favors and develops useful variations, and removes the antecedent species rapidly when the new one evolved is more in harmony with surrounding conditions."

Professor Mivart has so frankly admitted the essential coincidence of the above view with the one expressed by Professor Owen in 1868,‡ that we do not hesitate to call his attention to the similar views previously advanced by Professor Parsons, of Harvard University, and by the anonymous author of "Vestiges of Creation," believing that his own conclusions were reached in entire independence of all of them, as is said of

Professor Owen's. The author of the "Vestiges" expresses himself as follows:\*

"My idea is, that the simplest and most primitive type, under a law to which that of like-production is subordinate, gave birth to the type next above it, that this again produced the next higher, and so on to the very highest, the stages of advance being in all cases very small, namely, from one species only to another. . . . Yet, in another point of view, the phenomena are wonders of the highest kind, in as far as they are direct effects of an Almighty will, which had provided beforehand that everything should be very good."

Professor Parsons† writes as follows:

"Suppose the time to have come when there is to be a new creation, and it is to be a dog, or rather two dogs, which shall be the parents of all dogs. How shall they be created? . . . The fifth view is, they will be created by some influence of variation acting upon the ova of some animal nearest akin—a wolf, or a fox, or a jackal—and the brood will come forth puppies, and grow up dogs to become dogs."

Besides the above, several other authors (Gray,‡ Argyll,§ and Neale,¶) had already hinted at the necessity of admitting the sudden production of new specific forms, in some cases at least; and Darwin himself, as we shall see hereafter, appears to have a dim idea that something of the kind might happen in defiance of natural selection.

Nothing like direct evidence can be given in support of this theory of "specific genesis;" but the question really is, as stated by Parsons, whether, as a provisional hypothesis, it is not, on the whole, less improbable than any other, and open to fewer objections. Those who, like Spencer, are unwilling to admit the action of any but known physical laws and agencies, may say, and truly, that the supposition of an "innate internal tendency" only removes the difficulties one step further back, and is at best merely restating the case in a general way; but little more can be said of the theory of gravitation.

#### TAYLOR'S FAUST.¶

EACH new translation of a great poem, whether or not it does anything else, at least is sure to remind us that the world seems never to have been able to make up its mind as to whether there be such a thing as real translation at all. If, as now and again happens, the translator himself does not accompany his work with an elaborate defence of some particular theory of translation, aiming to show that it is the only true theory, the critics, at any rate, on their part, greet his performance either with expositions of the utter impossibility of really translating poetry out of one tongue into another, or with arguments to prove that the translator has worked under a false theory, or, if so be he has chosen the right one, has worked badly under it, and failed to do anything deserving of the name of true translation. "Translation is travesty," the French critic says. "The French are in the right," says the English critic, "to name translation by our word 'traduction'; and the Germans did as well when they called translating 'oversetting.'" "Traduttore, traditore," say the Italian critics; and it may be doubted if most poets, not translators, would not confess themselves of the same mind as the critics. A man would not be over-bold who should say that there never will be translated poet who, however much pleased at the thought of a fame spread abroad in lands other than his own, will not feel a peculiar satisfaction and a peculiar pang in reading that colloquy which took place between Bottom and his friends, Snout and Quince, when they were all in the wood together:

Snout.—O Bottom! thou art changed. What do I see on thee?  
Bottom.—What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?  
Quince.—Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.  
Bottom.—I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me. . . . But I will not stir from this place, do what they can.

Cary Miltonizes Dante; Newman makes of Homer a mere ballad-monger, and robs him of strength and noble simplicity; Lord Derby's "Iliad" shows care and scholarship, and has other good qualities, but the fire and nobility of the original—where are they? "A very pretty poem, but not Homer," is what Pope made; Tasso, in Wiffen's hands, is Tasso and a Quaker; Cowper Miltonizes and Thomsonizes Homer; Chapman makes of Homer an out-and-out Elizabethan—and it is a question, Mr. Lowell would say, if Chapman did not, at that, leave him more Homeric than any one else who ever attempted to take him out of the Greek; what becomes of the elegance of Virgil in Mr. Conington's octosyllables? would Mr. Longfellow, or

\* "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," third edition, p. 170.  
† American Journal of Science, July, 1860.

‡ Am. Journ. of Science, 1860; Atlantic Monthly, July, Aug., Oct., 1860.

§ "Reign of Law," p. 237.

¶ Proc. Zool. Soc. of London, Jan. 18, 1861.

¶ "Faust: A Tragedy. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. The First Part. Translated in the original metres by Bayard Taylor." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1871.

\* "Reign of Law," seventh edition, p. 230.

† "Propounded at the close of the work upon 'Variation under Domestification.'

‡ "Comp. Anat. and Phys. of Vertebrates," vol. iii. p. 508.

Dr. Parsons, or Mr. Rossetti, or Mr. Cayley say that they had truly translated Dante's poem? or would they say that they had done the best they could, and that they had succeeded about as well with the poem as the rest of the world did with the title when *Divine Comedy* was put for *Divina Commedia*?

These questions and assertions are all familiar as household words, and would seem to show with sufficient clearness that the world of poets and critics, whatever each poet may think of his own capacity to act as translator, has really decided that whether or not a true translation be a possible thing, it is at all events a thing that has never yet been done. And as for the probabilities that it may yet be done, if one asks among the poets and critics about the rules that should govern those who attempt translation, or about the ends he should have it in view to effect, one finds nothing as to which there is anything like common consent except the vague, imperfectly true, and almost perfectly useless maxim, that "it needs a poet to translate a poet." Doubtless this maxim is, in a way, and to some extent, true; this at least it does—it points to the fact that so very much of the charm of poetry consists in the most imponderable and intangible and subtle associations of thought and feeling and language, that only a soul disposed by nature to the discovery and keen enjoyment of such associations, and a mind skilled and habituated to fitting them with speech, can hope to have any success in the translation of most kinds of good poetry. But it is a maxim not calculated to be of service in the guidance of any translator's labors, and leaves altogether untouched nearly all those considerations which make translating the despair of the fraternity of poets, and the temptation of so many of them individually.

But despite all this, there will never be an end to translations, for the appearance of each new one, distinctly as it may remind us that the world of poets and critics believes that translation is of the nature of travesty, also bears witness to this other truth—that the world in general wants translations, and steadily demands them, and enjoys them without troubling itself at all about the really perfect translation, or caring much about the imperfection of such as it gets. It is an unhappy insensibility—or a happy insensibility; but so long as people in general get what they regard as the essentials of a great poem—its greatness of thought and spirit and fineness of feeling—they do not much mind if they lose most of the prettinesses or even most of the lovely charm which is perhaps most surely the essence of it, as a poem strictly so-called.

If, in addition to getting the great things, as they judge them to be, of this or that great man's message to the world, they get also more or less knowledge of him and of it, considered as a historical figure and a historical monument—if, for instance, they learn to know the *Divine Comedy* for its imaginative treatment of the spiritual world of the hereafter; for its wrath, terror, tenderness, subtlety, purity, intensity; for all of its Francesca and Ugolino, for a certain part of its Beatrice, and for its Dante as there revealed; for its noble literary style—if, in addition to getting this from it, the world in general get from the translated *Divine Comedy* some notion of what mediaeval Christianity was; what were the admired forms of mediaeval Italian poetry; what Italy and her politics were so many hundred years ago; something about this Dante whose name is one of the great names among men; why, the world in general is going to keep on getting translations made for it, and to give itself small concern either with the difficulties or the niceties that perplex the poets when in presence of this subject. It is not so puzzling, after all, as some have found it, that Mr. Emerson should have made that remark of his which has displeased and highly amused the accurate philological scholars, and consternated and horrified certain poetical minds. It was to the effect that it is labor lost to acquire languages for the sake of their literatures; that a man might as well cross the seas himself for such foreign articles as he should want instead of letting them be brought him by ordinary commerce; that everything necessary to us from foreign literatures can be got in translations. This would seem to be doubtless true in the case of a poetical mind of the quality of Mr. Emerson's, which may be said to hunger and thirst for the central and eternal truth of things, and to have too little appetite for what it perceives to be the adventitious and accidental; or what it thinks—or chooses to think—the adventitious and accidental. And these latter are terms which it would apply to much that not only the minor and false poets, but to much that the true poets would deem to be of the essence of poetry, and not of its trappings or coverings. And in another way it is doubtless true, for obvious reasons, that to people in general translations of poetry are, for obvious reasons, as good as the genuine poem dressed in all its beauties.

Mr. Taylor's translation of the "Faust" is prefaced by a plea for a version

which shall retain the "form" of the original. This "form" consists in the metres and rhymes, he would seem to say, and a version which follows the metres of the original as closely as the relation between the English language and the German allows, will, he thinks, be a far better rendering of the poem than any literal version can be. He would seem to hold that a literal version is *ipso facto* prosaic, and that a metrical version is very likely, in virtue of its metres merely, to be a more poetical version than any version in prose. He is even at pains to talk at some considerable length of the conservatism of our literary standards, and of the underrated resources of English poetry in the matter of dactyls, and so on; as if dactyls and iambs and trochees and all the rest of them had not figured for generations in English literature, and in the text-books that teach the art of English composition to boys and girls at school. No one would think of denying what Mr. Taylor is strenuous to assert—the necessary connection of rhythm with poetry; but there are always multitudes of people who, asserting this, and having no understanding of its meaning, afford proof the most conclusive that to any rhythms or rhymes, however elaborate, it is poetry alone that can give the least poetical value. "If you are literal in translating," Mr. Taylor would say, the "form" vanishes, and 'no one familiar with rhythmical expression through the needs of his own nature' will say that the form of a poem is of secondary importance." To this the reply of the literalists would be, that the "form" of a poem cannot be said to reside exclusively in its metres, but may with far more truth be said to reside in such choice and such presentation of certain truths of nature and life as shall make them beautifully affecting, and so, instructive while delightful.

The objection, they would say, to trying to give the superficial form is that the difference in languages is such that you cannot at once make with two of them the same music and express the same thoughts; and the temptation is to sacrifice the thought to the music, while the best result of the attempt, except in some lucky instances of very rare occurrence, is to make the thought concede a little to the music, and the music a little to the thought, so that definiteness of meaning is sure to lose something, is likely to lose much, and so also are the sweetness and vagueness of suggestion sure to vanish away.

However, we did not intend to be led into any discussion of a question so long mooted and so incapable of settlement as we have already admitted the question of the best theory of translation to be. In the particular case of Mr. Taylor, the comparatively new phase of the controversy which he represents we thought it worth while to note. That a foreign poet should be so brought over to us that we may regard him as our own; that the translator should give us poetical equivalents rather than require us to transport ourselves over to the foreign poet and adopt his situation; but that the translator should as often as possible give us precisely the same thing that the foreign poet gives his native auditors, and not put us off with an English equivalent for the German or Italian or French original—this is one of the several accustomed views of the translator's duty, and as such may well be allowed to pass without more of fruitless challenging and colloquy. Not so, however, as we think, with Mr. Taylor's variation of the general term. This, it seems to us, will be well for many of us to consider carefully. To us, ourselves, it seems to lay inordinate stress upon the mechanics of poetry, and to be capable of doing harm. To get men of our race and time to think enough about "form" is no doubt very difficult, and to accomplish it would, no doubt, be very well. But to let ourselves be bedeviled by intricacies of construction and then talk about "art" as some of us do, is as much like caring for "form" as cutting a tree into wooden Nuremberg toys is like saving it alive and working with spade and pruning knife in assistance of the elemental forces which shape it in accordance with the natural law of its growth.

Mr. Taylor has spent much labor for some years on this rendering of the great poem of his choice, and to our mind he has had a better success than any metrical predecessor of his who has attempted the "Faust" as a whole. With Hayward's prose translation for the sense, and Mr. Taylor's for the metres, and for collateral light on numerous passages, the reader who knows no German may get as good an idea of the poem as is perhaps possible. That he really gets the poem *qua* poem, apart from its metres, more fully and surely by reason of Mr. Taylor's labors in verse than if that gentleman had put his translation into prose or had corrected Hayward, we do not think; in our opinion, the poetical translation of "Faust" Mr. Taylor has not brought essentially nearer. But the praise of skilful and patient labor certainly belongs to him, and of labor with unusually good result. As formerly, it is as poet that he fails, and his translation may without unfairness be described as a dilution of Goethe's poetry with poetry

of Mr. Taylor's, but still a good translation of the sense of the original. Judged by its author's intention, it will not be pronounced a success; but judged by the success of others it will be pronounced meritorious, though not of a superiority to give it unquestioned precedence.

Except for its inconvenient size, the volume is admirable so far as publishers and printers could make it so; and the translator's editorial work is accurate, full, and helpful. The "Helena" is to succeed the First Part of "Faust," which, so accompanied, will have a decided advantage over other editions in English.

#### GINX'S BABY.\*

IT is not surprising that a satire so admirably well conceived as this, and aimed at abuses so keenly felt and so wide spread, should have attained a remarkable popularity. Everybody can read it with pleasure for the sake of the keenness of its satirical hits and its admirable style, although the nature of the grievances discussed and the apparently hopeless insolubility of the problems presented are certainly not matters for other than the saddest reflections. The condition of the very poor in England—a country which produces more wealth in proportion to the number of its inhabitants than any European country, and yet in which two millions of people are said to be, in one way or another, dependent upon charity for the means of subsistence—is most vigorously depicted in the person of Ginx's baby. That unfortunate child is the thirteenth scion of the Ginx family—Ginx being a stout navvy, earning at the best of times eighteen or twenty shillings a week, and living in a couple of rooms, the larger of which is something under fourteen feet square. Even at the birth of the Baby's immediate predecessor, Ginx was beginning to find himself somewhat crowded for room, and to feel serious misgivings as to his ability to feed all the little Ginxes, and he advised his wife that, if she were so inconsiderate as to make another addition to a quiver already so inconveniently full, he should be obliged to drown it in the nearest water-butt. Undeterred by this consideration, number thirteen put in a rash appearance eighteen months after number twelve, and Ginx, as good as his word, laid instant hands upon his son, and started with him in the direction of Vauxhall Bridge, accompanied by a deprecating crowd of women and small children, and followed by his wife's lamentations. He is met a few yards from his own door by a philosopher of the Malthusian school, who has no practical suggestions to offer as to the disposition of the child, but who enquires with a sad gravity how Ginx could reconcile it with his conscience to become the father of "such a monstrous number of children as thirteen." The conundrum is too much for Ginx's limited intelligence, but the question is taken up by a stonemason who stands by—a sort of Methodist "local preacher," who puts very well the case of the ordinary instincts of humanity against the philosophy of repression. Ginx, meanwhile, delayed for a moment by the talk, goes on in the direction of the water until he is stopped by a "Sister of Misery," to whom he consigns the child on her promise never to return it to him. Thereupon the baby is taken to a convent, where its mother visits it twice a day for the purpose of nursing it, and where it becomes the pet and plaything of the nuns, who conceive the idea of bringing up the boy among them as a saint. Very soon, however, the religious scruples of the sisters, on the one side, and the obstinacy of that "low-class heretic," Mrs. Ginx, on the other, come into abrupt collision.

Will not heretical milk fatally prejudice the future sanctity of the child? is the question which occurs to the too scrupulous mind of Sister Pudicitia—and as a precaution she proposes that the mother shall be daily signed with a sacred sign before she is allowed to take her child. But Mrs. Ginx's creed, though a short one, is held with unflinching tenacity. As its primary article, she "believes in God, giver of bread, meat, money, and health," and, as corollaries, "in the Church of England, in heaven and hell," and hates "Popery, priests, and the devil." To the sign of the cross she objects that she "couldn't sleep with them things on her," and prefers to abandon all care of her child rather than submit to it. She spreads the story of her grievances, however, and it is not long before the "Protestant Detectoral Association," hearing of this new encroachment of "the beast with seven heads," sends an agent to Mrs. Ginx to get the full, true, and particular account of her wrongs. He has been told that "the child was carried off from his mother's bedside in broad daylight by a nun, accompanied by two priests and a large body of Irish;" and, though somewhat disappointed to find the case not precisely as represented, finds that it "looked bad enough, and might be made worse. It was the very

case for the Protestant Detectoral Association." A writ of *habeas corpus* is obtained with some difficulty, and the baby is produced in court, enveloped in a blanket embroidered with little crosses and carried in Sister Pudicitia's arms. It is so clearly shown that the father gave away the child, and has no desire to reclaim it, that the nuns are allowed to carry it home in triumph. Their victory is a costly one, however. Their windows are broken by a mob, and, worse than all, their very souls are wrung by the irreverent way in which the baby himself, unmindful of all proprieties, ejects the "consecrated pap" on which they feed him over a chasuble in which they wrap him on the occasion of "laying him on the steps of the altar," in order that he may "assist" at the Mass offered for his preservation. They give him up, therefore, voluntarily, to the "Detectoral Association," and that body prints placards and calls monster meetings in order to decide what shall be done with the "Great Protestant Baby." A kind-hearted duchess provides fine linen for the child, and he is presented to the meeting assembled in "Philopragmon Hall," lying in a cradle, and with his six-weeks-old head resting, not too comfortably, we may suppose, on a Bible. His new friends are unable to come to a mutually satisfactory conclusion as to the disposition to be made of him. From the Baptist who thinks the first thing to be done is to "re-baptize him in a sufficient quantity of water," to the radical Mr. Ogle who thinks a good secular education should be provided for him, there is no intermediate shade of opinion which does not insist upon a hearing and a practical concession. The debate is long and stormy, and the baby gets hungry and cross. No member can be found who is willing to carry it home with him to his wife, and it is hurriedly handed over to a strange woman who volunteers "for love of the cause" to give it temporary shelter. Two or three hours afterward, the "Great Protestant Baby" is found by Policeman X. shivering on a doorstep, with only a copy of the *Times* by way of covering. It is presently recognized to be Ginx's baby, and the Detectors are put as nearly to the blush as nature permits. They recover themselves, however, and the child is made again the subject of a public demonstration. Another Bible and more clothes are provided, thirteen hundred odd pounds are subscribed for his support, and during frequent meetings which are held in the course of the ensuing year—meetings whose expenses are paid out of the funds collected for the child—he is not only made to do duty as a great anti-Popery panacea, but it is pretty nearly unanimously decided that, when he is of an age to be taught, he shall receive a strictly secular education during school-hours, but that for the remainder of the day he shall be visited in turn by preachers of all sects, and instructed by them in their various and peculiar tenets.

But this is no sooner happily settled than a bill, presented by the person to whom the child has been in the interval assigned, so disturbs the harmony of the meetings that a quorum is never thereafter to be obtained, and both the cause and the baby suffer from neglect. The latter is discarded by his nurse and thrown upon the parish. The state of the poor-laws is severely satirized in the history of the fight between two adjoining parishes, each of which desires to get rid of the child and to foist it upon his neighbor. The baby, whose pedigree, as a half-wit in the alms-house remarks, "goes back for three hundred years," and "began with Poverty out o' Laziness in Queen Elizabeth's time," is wrangled over, neglected, and almost starved, until a lucky accident again discovers his parentage. He is at once restored to the unlucky Ginx, who, being on the point of emigration, is by no means pleased to see him, and who, on the eve of sailing, deposits him on the steps of the Radical Clubhouse and leaves him to his fate. Sir Charles Sterling, a kind-hearted but not over-practical philanthropist, brings him into the Club, where he furnishes the immediate topic of various talks on the subjects which he suggests. Among other things, Sir Charles proposes that Government should charge itself with the emigration of a million or two of its superfluous population, and asserts that "but for human selfishness we might hope for an Utopian era—when, while it should be ruled that, if a man would not work, neither should he eat; there should also be brought home to every man the poorer, or weaker, or less competent brother. I never expect to see that. I do hope to see the men of greatest ability pay more generously for the privileges they enjoy. The best policy for them, too. The better the condition of the general community, the better for themselves. You cannot alarm me with epithets. But these views are happily not essential to the support of the emigration policy." The baby, meanwhile, over whom so many people are perplexing themselves, grows up under the patronage of the Club; and, though taught nothing at all, is kept provided with food and clothes. Arrived at tolerably advanced boyhood, and growing tired of alternate petting and snubbing, he helps himself to some

\* "Ginx's Baby. His Birth and other Misfortunes. A Satire." Second American from the sixth London edition. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1871.

of the Club forks and spoons, and decamps at the very time when Lord Munnibagge, the political economist, has just established, in his place in Parliament, "that there is no necessity for the interference of Government in the case of Ginx's Baby or any other babies or persons. The lucid and decisive statement of the Secretary for the Accidental Accompaniments of the Empire has shown how impossible it was for the Imperial Government to take part in a great scheme of expatriation; how impolitic to endeavor to affect the ordinary laws of free movement to the colonies."

The after-history of Ginx's Baby is but brief. Leaving the shelter of the Radical Club at fifteen years old, he tries in vain to take care of himself. "Wherever he went, the world seemed terribly full." There was no room for him in the ranks of honest trade, "and even the thieves to whom he gravitated were jealous of his accession, because there were too many competitors already in their department."

Lounging one night on Vauxhall Bridge, the historian of his unfortunate career was startled by the sudden splash of a human body into the water. "I did not then know what form it was that swilled down below the glistening current. Had I known that it was Ginx's Baby, I should perhaps have thought: 'Society, which in the sacred names of Law and Charity forbade the father to throw his child over Vauxhall Bridge at a time when he was alike unconscious of life and death, has at last itself driven him over the parapet into the greedy waters.'

"Philosophers, philanthropists, politicians, Papists, and Protestants, poor-law ministers, and parish officers—while you have been theorizing and discussing, debating, wrangling, legislating, and administering—Good God! gentlemen, between you all, where has Ginx's Baby gone to?"

*Recent Publications.*—The honor of a fifth edition which has been bestowed on Prof. Pumelly's "Across America and Asia" will not be thought unmerited by those who have read this entertaining book of travels. We trust, indeed, that the author is only beginning to find his audience, now that his work—with text unabridged and illustrations preserved—is issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt in a cheaper dress, which is still good enough and handsome enough for all but the fastidious. As our review of it must be tolerably fresh in the minds of most of our readers, we need only call attention to the reduced price which now brings it within the reach of almost any one desirous of owning it. The same house confers another favor upon the reading public by its cheap edition of Taine's "Italy" (Rome and Naples, Florence and Venice—two volumes in one), a book of travel not surpassed of its kind, whether or not we wholly agree with the art-judgments of the author, or think it fortunate for the School of Fine Arts in Paris that it forced M. Viollet-le-Duc to yield his professorship to M. Taine. What every reader may, however, thoroughly enjoy is M. Taine's style, and his descriptions both of works of art and of scenery; and for a small sum one may now make of him a guide and companion in four of the most interesting cities in the world.

We spoke in our last volume of the merits and demerits of Rawlinson's "Manual of Ancient History," the former by far outweighing the latter. It is now reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Bros., and from its authority and its method will be found of great utility as a handbook of reference and as an aid to historical enquiry. Almost every page contains an enumeration of the best sources of information on the subject under notice, and this alone would be of the highest value to students, even if the outline which it supplements were less excellent than it is. The Harpers have added to their hitherto complete edition of Tennyson's "Poetical Works" his recent "Songs of the Wren," with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's musical accompaniment—the libretto, as in most cases, being a good deal inferior to the music. They have also issued the first volumes (The Gospels, 2 vols., and Acts of the Apostles) of the revised edition of "Barnes's Notes," on which the lamented author had been engaged nearly to the time of his death. The volumes are well printed and neatly bound, and illustrated with numerous woodcuts and maps. The remainder of the series is in press.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. republish, in a style resembling that of their uniform edition of Grace Aguilar's works, "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease," each in two volumes; and we presume that they intend to follow it with other of Miss Yonge's tales, of which the first is perhaps the best known.

No one volume of the Hans Christian Andersen series which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are publishing in their always clear and handsome manner will exceed in interest for the nursery the full duodecimo (532 pp.) called "Stories and Tales." It opens with the classic "Picture Book

without Pictures," and then come nearly eighty stories of various lengths, and all of the quality which have made Andersen the favorite of both children and parents. Together with the "Wonder Stories told for Children" already issued, it embraces the whole of the author's shorter and lighter pieces.

The "Reign of Law," by the Duke of Argyll, has been reissued, we believe from the English plates, by Messrs. De Witt C. Lent & Co. It is, we need hardly say, an authoritative treatise, which every one must consult who is interested in the discussion of the origin and variation of species.

It is twenty-six years since Professor Longfellow, then a young man, published his "Poets and Poetry of Europe," when European literature was a locked treasure to most people, and translators were just beginning to fumble at the wards. The key turned slowly, and only to a favored few was revealed a glimpse of the riches within. We remember well what pleasure the book brought with its strange foreign flavor; how we "sucked at the flagon," and relished the change from plainer fare. The spirit and grace of the renderings, the skilful analyses of the introductions, combined to give it permanent value, and from that day to this it has held its place as a standard of reference and quotation. The revised edition just published by Messrs. Porter & Coates includes 137 pages of new matter carefully prepared. This supplement, whose only fault is in being a supplement and not an incorporation with the original book, opens with "The Hava Mal," a singular fragment of Icelandic verse. This "Sublime Discourse of Odin" is a series of wild rhythmical apothegms, full of barbarous wisdom:

"Praise the day at eventide;  
The wife when she is dead;  
The sword when thou hast proved it;  
The maid when she is married;  
Ice when thou hast crossed it;  
Ale when thou hast drunken it.  
  
"In wind cut thou firewood,  
In wind sail the ocean,  
In darkness woo a maiden,  
For many eyes has daylight."  
  
"Small are the sand grains;  
Small are the water drops;  
Small, human thoughts;  
Yet are not these  
Each of them equal.  
Every century bears but one man."

The next department, Danish poetry, contains the beautiful hymn, "Sorrow and Gladness," written by Kingo, and translated by Mrs. Howitt. A brief Swedish chapter follows, then the German, which is unusually rich and full; Brooks, Bayard Taylor, Leland, Dean Trench, and Catherine Winkworth being numbered among the translators. Here we find "The Cherubic Pilgrim," by Angelus Silesius, the mystic poet of the seventeenth century. Next in order comes the Dutch—represented by a single poem—"The National Song," by Hendrik Tollens; then the French, full of charming things, among which we note Mrs. Wistars renderings of Alfred de Musset, and Cary's delightful version of Bellau's "April." The Italian portion opens with the quaint "Lover and Lady" of Giulio d'Alcamo, written in the twelfth century, a dialogue after the fashion of our own "Nut-Brown Maid." The translation by Rossetti is admirable and graceful. Mr. Howells contributes some capital work to this department. The chapter on Spanish poetry gives portions of two of Calderon's dramas, and several beautiful versions by Mr. Bryant. A couple of Gil Vincenti's lovely songs from the Portuguese close the supplement and the book.

\* \* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Sermons. Fourth Series, March—September, 1870	(J. B. Ford & Co.) \$2 00
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